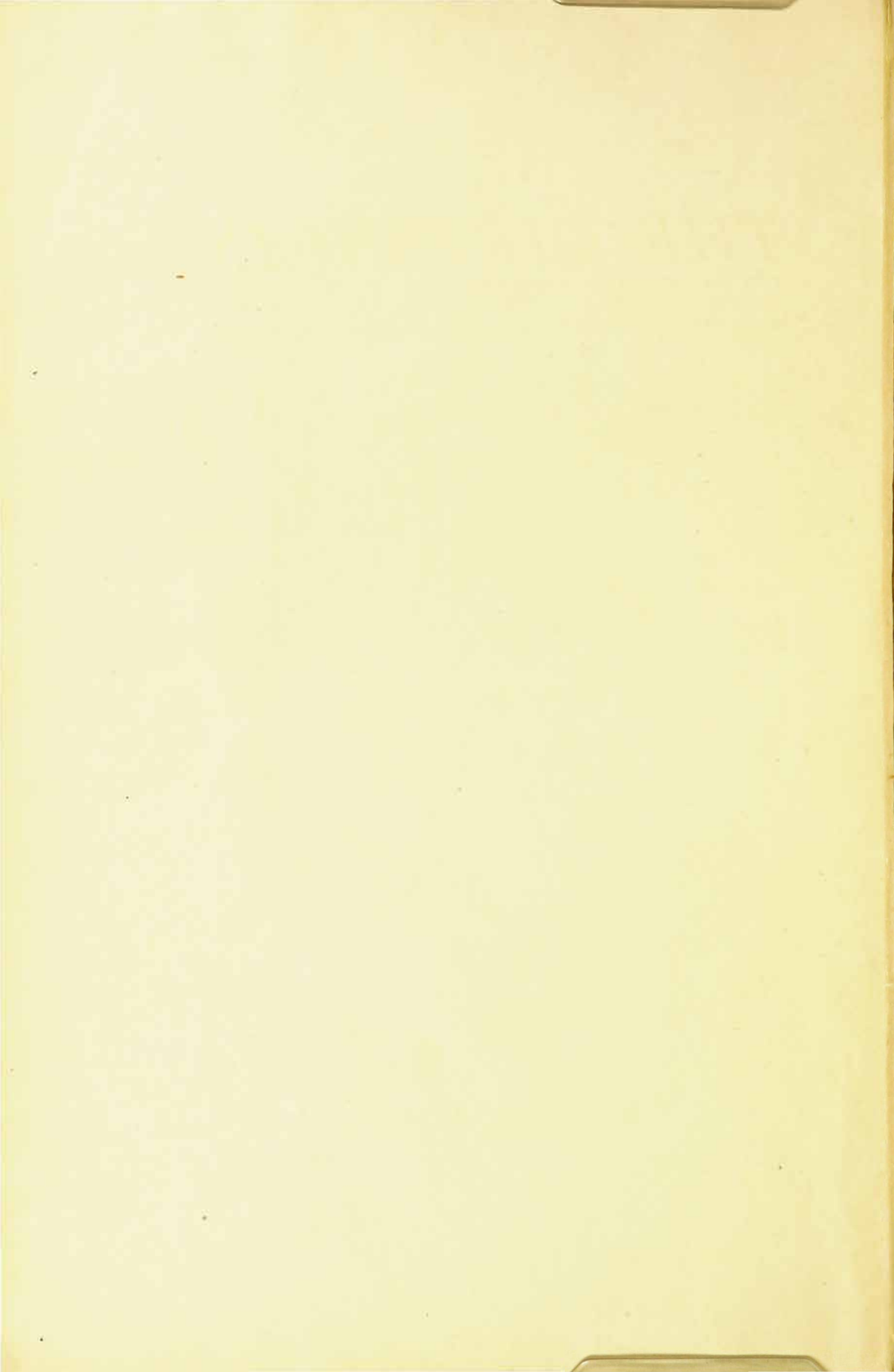


GIRTONIAN

Thargaret Jenkins.

1911.



THE GIRTONIAN

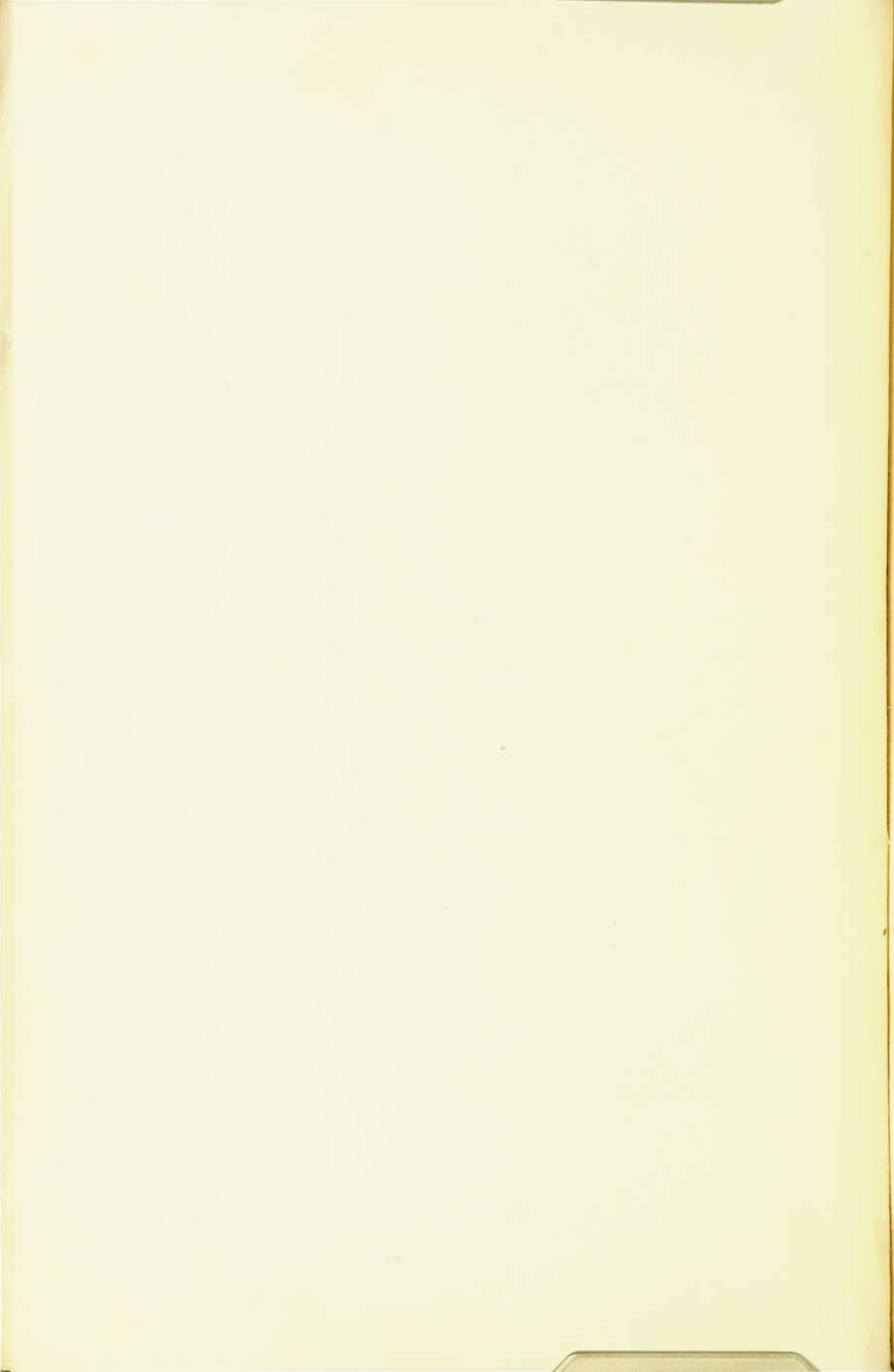
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND ELEVEN

Winnetka, Illinois

Dedication

WITH GRATEFUL APPRECIATION
OF HIS PATIENCE, INTEREST AND
USEFUL EFFORT, WE DEDICATE
THIS GIRTONIAN TO
CLARENCE E. SNYDER





Editorial

This book marks one more year passed here at Girton, a year that has gone by as quickly as an April day with its clouds and sunshine.

We hope that it will recall, as you turn these pages, some memories to your mind and that once in a while you will be able to find a smile for some of our wit, blunt as it may seem. We want it to be a record of this year, and in the future we hope that by opening it you will be able to open the doors to the dark passageways of the past.

It has been a pleasure to us to edit this, our year-book, to place in order the events we have lived thru this year, living them over again, and we hope that the same pleasure may be folded away for you, between these pages.

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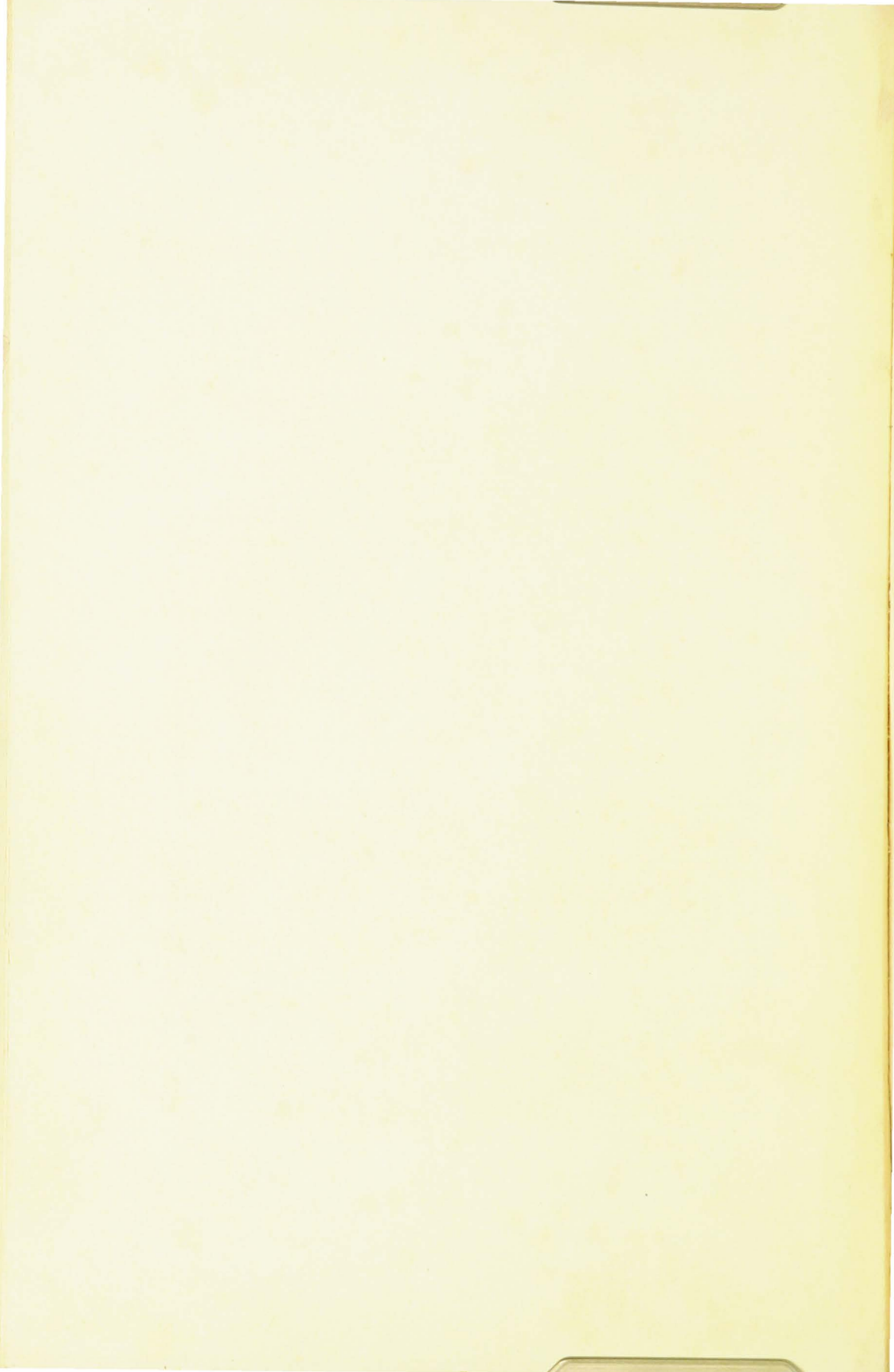
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MISS ELEANOR DAY





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MISS MARGARET TIFFANY
Assistant, Pianoforte

MISS JEANETTE R. HOLMES (Pupil of Shriglia and Ran-
degger, London)
Vocal Music

MISS ZALIA JENCKS
Substitute

Seniors



"ESSE QUAM VIDERI"

A Toast

With fond hearts, with love brimming over,
With cups that we eagerly drain,
A Toast to our dear Alma Mater!
Drink! Fill up the wine cup again!

Long life to our friends and our teachers,
Prosperity, wisdom and lore,
May the Blue and the Gold reign forever!
Come friends, let us drink it once more.

For friendships here knit close together
For bonds—may they ever hold fast!
For comrades, for scholars, for teachers
A toast for the days that are past!

I. B. C., '12

Lillian Lammie Chapin

Margarette Perkins

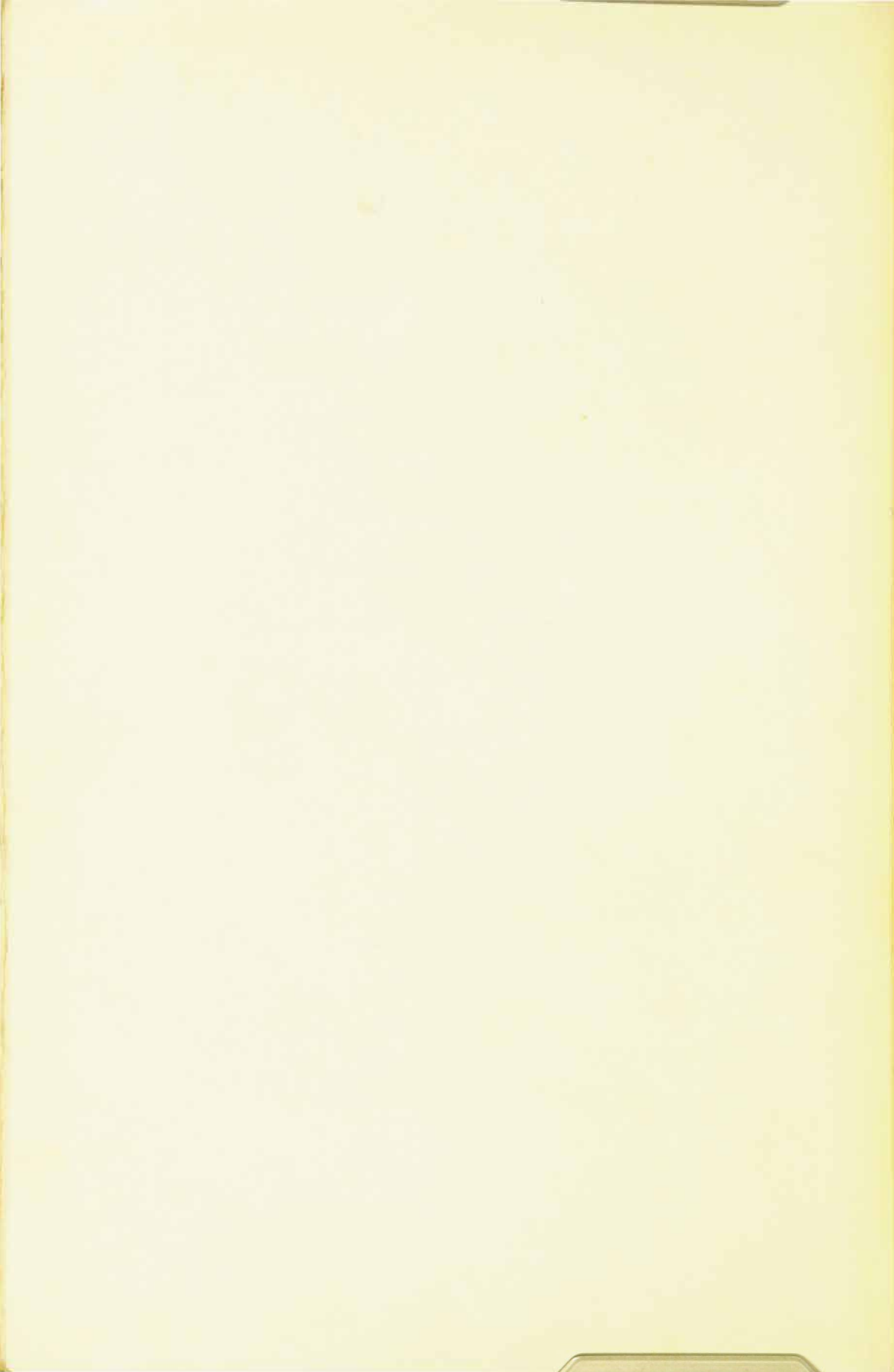
Elizabeth Vaughan Case

First here is our President Jim
Whose wit will never grow dim,
And you may be certain
That up here at Girton
There's no one we love any better than Lillian.
President

Here is our dear Margarette
Whom we love very well you can bet;
She is very trim
And exceedingly slim
And she has perfectly wonderful red hair.
Vice President

And here is our dear friend E. C.,
Who's as smart as can possibly be
If her you should try
She would never say die,
And she just loves Geometry and French verbs!





Marjorie Perkins Kimball

Alpha A. Quinn

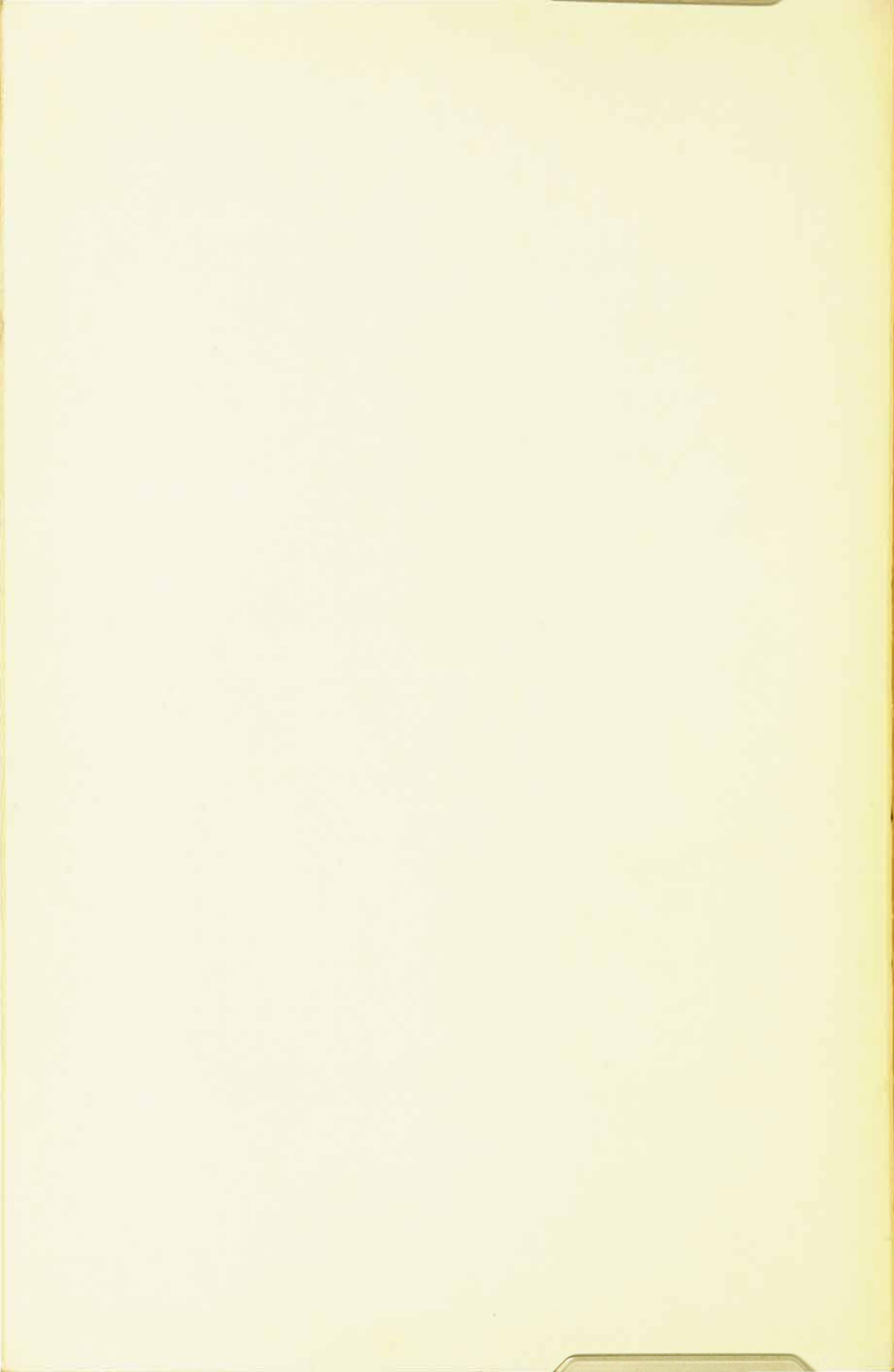
Heleen Stewart Heint.

Here is a young lady named Marj
Who is "not fat, just boned large;"
Her smile we adore,
And we want nothing more
Than to be with this young lady from Nebraska.
Secretary and Treasurer

Here is our stately Miss Quinn,
Through a door she can scarcely get in;
She is most fascinating
When dancing or skating
Even though she is late to breakfast.
Sergeant-at-Arms

Here we see Helen from Burlington town,
She always is smiling, has never a frown.
She is so petite
So exceedingly neat
That her room is very nearly the neatest of all in Knollslea
Hall.





Hortense Kittleman

Sally Bryant-

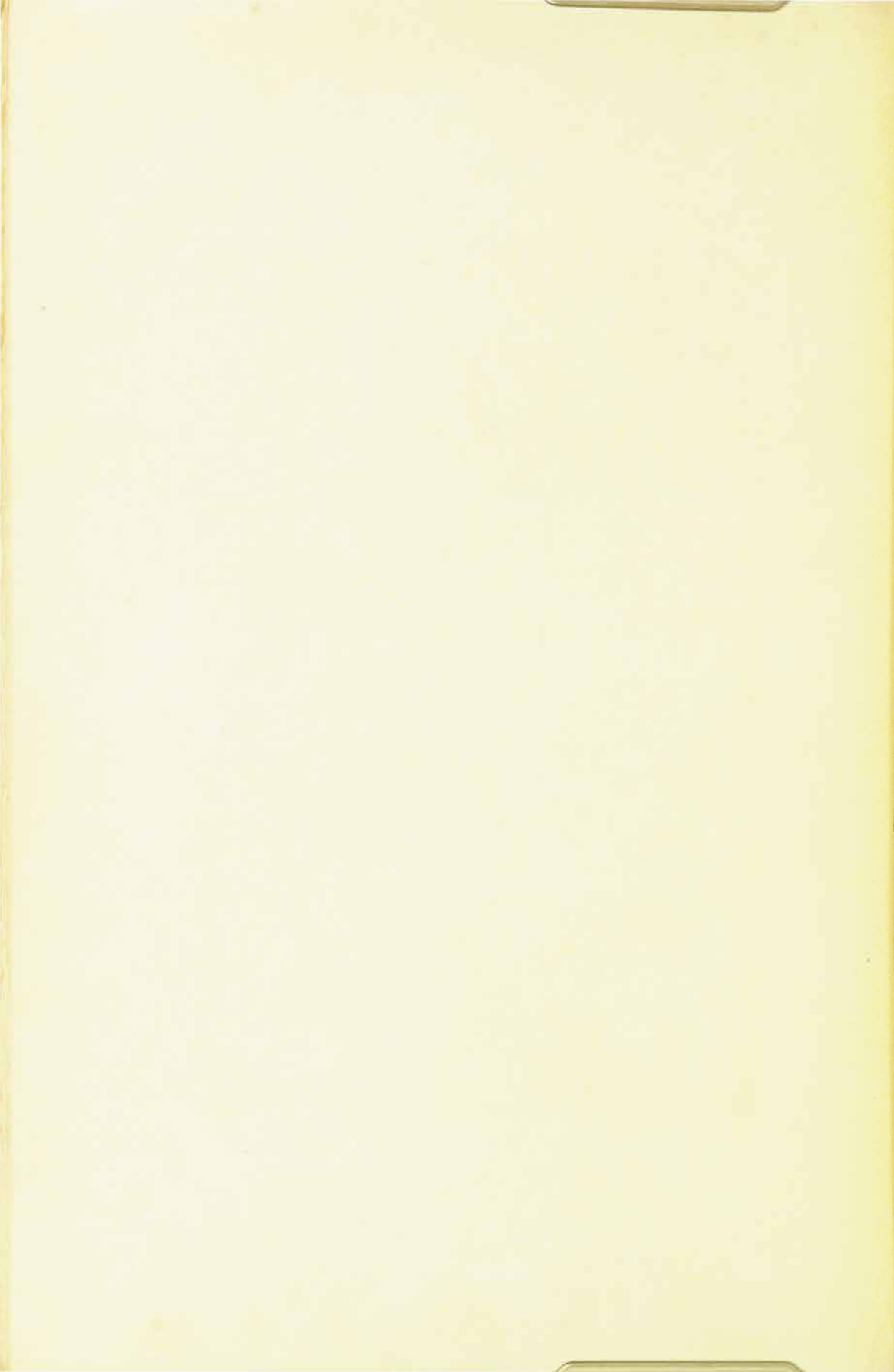
Helen Ruth Hicks -

Here is a young lady called Horthy
Who is quite a bit younger than forty.
 Strange tho it may seem,
 We all of us deem
That she is quite an important factor around Girton.

Our Sally is quite a musician
And we all love her sweet disposition;
 We love her sweet smiles
 Which can be seen many miles,
For she comes up to school from Ravenswood on the North-
western train every day.

Here we see a young lady from Mich.
For better one never could wish,
 For she is so clever
 And so jolly ever
You just love her as soon as you see her.





Elsa Z. Popper.

Grace McCormick

Antoinette S. Jennings

Who's not fond of our dear Elsa Popper?
When once she is started don't stop 'er;
Her eyes can be glad
Or exceedingly sad
And she is one of the cutest things we have here at Girton.

From Illinois comes our Grace,
We all on her have a case;
We love every freckle
That her nose does speckle
And we simply adore the way she squints up her nose when
she laughs.

Here is a Miss Jennings called Tony,
Whom one could scarcely call hony.
She does love her cooking,
But cares not for booking,
And to say the least she's a good sport.



Clementine E. Lewis

Constance Tyrell

Margaret Ball

Here we see a young lady called Clem,
Whose price is above any gem;
 Her music is sweet
 But her laugh can't be beat,
This lovely young lady called Clementine Lewis.

A Winnetka Miss here we now meet,
One who is both charming and sweet;
 She is so very bright,
 That try as we might,
We never could come up to her high standing in classes.

Here is our Margaret Ball,
She is not very fat—if at all,
 From Iowa comes she,
 A fine product you see,
And she's fonder of Livy than anything else in the world.



Phia Irene Kimball.

Evelyn C. Leom

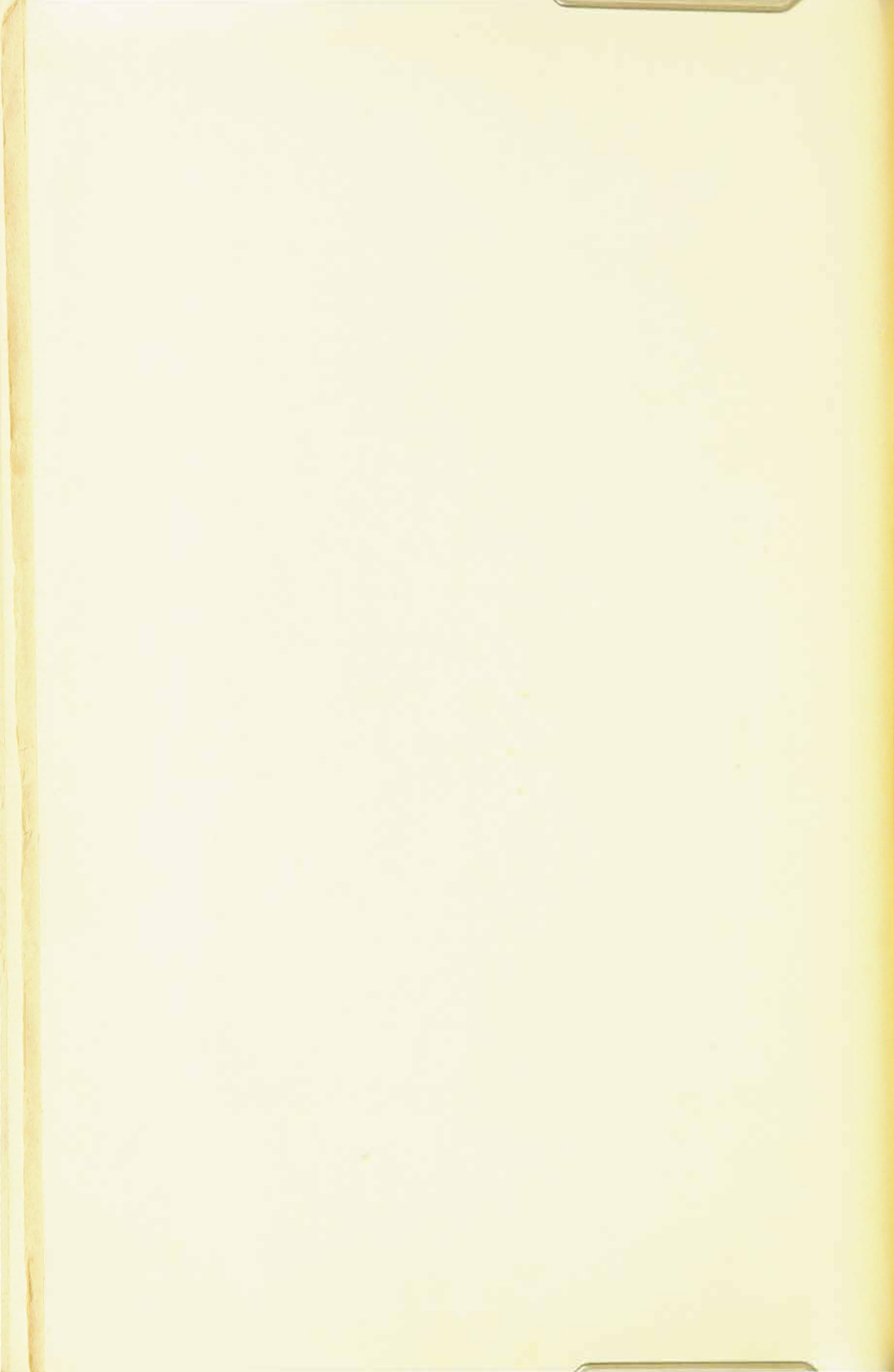
Dorothy Louise Leuhane.

Here is our authoress Rhea,
Just look on the page and you'll see'er
 With a small fountain pen
 She can sway hearts of men
And she'll do it the next chance she gets too!

Here is our Evelyn Isom,
To beat her you'll sure have to go some;
 She's a wizard at dancing,
 In fact most entrancing,
And you just ought to see her skate.

We love our tall, little Dot,
Of course we do—who would not?
 She lives in the city,
 It's really a pity
For we should like to have her out here more, but she goes
 home every Friday on the 2:40 train.





Nathaniel C. Morse.

Kelen McDonald

Katherine M^c Mullen

Here is a young lady named Morse,
The name of her father, of course.
 She makes scrumptious candy,
 Her fudge is quite dandy,
Besides doing lots of other things mighty well.

See here is our dear Helen Mac
Who of smiling has surely the knack;
 She runs for the train
 In the sunshine or rain,
It's a shame she lives so far away.

Here is our Katherine, all calm and serene,
Who always is bobbing up on the scene;
 She's quiet and sure
 And her eats very pure,
Being guaranteed under the pure food and drugs act of 1906.



Class History

Four years ago September
Upon his scroll enrolled,
Professor Cooke of Girton School
In letters blue and gold—
Inscribed our names—the freshman class
With many a flourish gay;
From east and west and south and north
We were a brave array.

From east and west and north and south
We gathered in amain
To so pursue our Sophomore days
On Girton's sunny plain.
Through all that school year happily
The days of work passed on
Till June brought round vacation
And the Sophomores were gone.

The Junior Class we then became,
We, who were freshmen shy,
And happy days 'neath sunny skies
How swiftly passed us by,
With dinner parties, luncheons, cards,
And friendships doubly dear
Because the time for parting ways
Was slowly drawing near.

And then came proud commencement day,
The swinging daisy chain,
The Seniors were no longer ours,
Which gave us grievous pain.
But we were Seniors proud, at last,
When autumn tinged the prairie
We chose our motto—this the one
“Esse quam videri.”

A picnic at Miss Richardson's
Came first upon the list,
The charming Senior luncheon
Would surely have been missed,
And finally a Senior dance,
The gayest of them all,
Festivities of Senior Year
Which we with joy recall.

Oh leaders of dear Girton,
Our friends—our faculty,
Who have helped us in our daily work
And led us in our play;
Instructed us in studies
With patient, loving care,
With grateful praise we thank thee
As we go—we know not where!

Oh Seniors of Eleven!
Tho' scattered far and near,
Once more live o'er these moments
As you read your history here,
Once more behold the faces
Of classmates far away
And live again the happy times
You had when school girls gay.

C. T. '11.

Class Prophecy

There's a place in the GIRTONIAN that's up to us to fill,
And so we write the prophecy and do it with a will.
We have thought of all the girls in nineteen 'levens class,
Twenty-one of us there are, forgetting not a lass.
First of all comes Lillian, our president so small,
By her side her husband walks, a gentleman so tall,
Now we see them in their home which rings with merry
laughter,
They, as in all fairy tales, "live happy ever after."
At the wedding was Hortense who caught the bride's bouquet,
By the Fates, within a year must come her wedding day.
Helen MacDonald now we see has found her occupation;
Teaching Kindergarten she has won a reputation.
Rhea Kimball on the stage is climbing towards the top—
Girton's plays have proved to us that she will never stop
'Till at last she takes her place in Julian Eltinge's cast,
Where as leading lady she will stay until the last.
Suffragettes are all the rage with Orpha at their head—
Her tiny husband stays at home, so busy making bread.
Clementine's most gentle voice has brought her great success,
Though it is not very soft, 'tis sweet you must confess.
Marjorie Kimball at the club is busy night and day,
Working hard for women in her kindly jovial way.
She is Treasurer of this, and President of that—
Busy every minute 'till she knows not "where she's at!"
Katherine McMullen, a philanthropist well known,
Kind to all the poor, she reaps the good that she has sown.
Skilled is Evelyn in dancing, graceful as can be,
Charming people with her art o'er every land and sea.
Girton School in India is swiftly gaining fame,
Due to our Elizabeth, who honors Girton's name.
Striving always for the best, converting all she meets,
Working with the money of the girls who give up sweets.
Dorothy Lenham teaches Latin, as we all surmised,
For it was her favorite study, so we're not surprised.

"Florence Nightingale the second", this is Margaret Ball,
Watching o'er the sick with patience, she is loved by all.

Amateur theatricals is Katharine Morse's fate—

Just a chorus girl no more, she shines in her new state.

Leading lady, or as coach, she has won great renown,

For today her name is known in every state and town.

Constance Tyrrell, who was poet of our Senior class,

Now has won great fame in writing, as we thought would
pass.

Antoinette has shown to us her skill along this line,

What a waitress she has made; her talent first did shine

When with "Jim" in 1910, those Girton days of yore,

She her cap and apron donned and waited on the door.

Helen Hicks, a waitress too, along with Antoinette,

Chums they were at Girton, and they are together yet.

Helen Hunt has won this reputation far and wide,

Best of all the seamstresses along the whole North Side,

Into little towns she goes with all her fashion books,

Sociable is she indeed as she improves their looks.

Elsa Popper now is married, and of course you know

Who is the lucky bridegroom. He is her High School beau.

Down at Vassar College Grace McCormick is the dean—

And her text-books on all subjects everywhere are seen.

Science, History, English, Latin, Languages, Mathematics

Books she writes on all these topics, omitting not the classics.

Sally Bryant teaching music, working with a vim,

Proved her talent first at Girton, when she played the hymn.

Margarette Perkins in mathematics is a shining light,

She is teaching up at Girton—as we thought she might.

Here the prophecy is done, our futures now you know,

So we say farewell to you, as on our way we go

Out from Girton's gates into the lives we are to lead;

May the years we spent at Girton help us to succeed.

S. B. and M. P., '11

A CONSULTATION of eminent physicians, who noticed the fatal condition of the Senior Class, due to over-work and gay life at Girton, was held, which decreed that on the eighth of June, the Senior class would pass on into the hereafter, having by that time succumbed to Latinibus Germanius of the cerebrum, developed from a slight Geometric Historenglical lesion of the cerebellum.

The Will

We, the Senior Class of Girton School, Winnetka, Illinois, County of Cook, United States of America, Western Hemisphere, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, make and ordain this our last will and testament, hereby revoking all other wills, by us heretofore made. We give, devise and bequeath to the following named respectively the following described property, That is to say—

ITEM: Our Senior Class Dignity to Mr. Snyder.

ITEM: Our “go ahead and get there” ability to Mr. Cooke.

ITEM: Our desks to the Next Suffering Lot.

ITEM: Our books to Oblivion.

Personal Bequests

Orpha Quinn requests that six feet of height be left to Eilleen Armstrong and Emma Ford respectively.

Hortense Kittleman requests that her tan shoes be left to the janitor.

Helen Hicks requests that her sense of humor be left to Marjorie O'Brien.

Helen Hunt requests that her bangs be left to Elsie Stebbins.

Antoinette Jennings requests that her slang be left to Frances Mueller.

Clementine Lewis leaves her knowledge of German to Frances Stevens.

Elsa Popper leaves her tube skirt to Miss Jenkins.

Constance Tyrrell requests that her poems be bestowed upon Ruth Arnold.

Margarette Perkins leaves her waist measure to Helen Snyder.

Sally Bryant leaves her curls to Clara Hollis.

Katharine Morse leaves her "Gift of Gab" to Ellen Montgomery.

Katherine McMullen bequeaths her love of study to Cora Clements.

Marjorie Kimball leaves her right to change her mind to Miss Richardson.

Elizabeth Case leaves her "missionary fervor" to Miss Day.

Evelyn Isom leaves her avoirdupois to Amy Larrowe.

Dorothy Lenham leaves her barrette to Emily Russell.

Rhea Kimball leaves her curling papers to Ruth Matz.

Helen MacDonald leaves her "baby talk" to Julie Forrest.

Lillian Chapin requests that her laugh be bestowed upon Cecil Rigby.

Margaret Ball leaves her silence to Ruth Kimball.

The Senior class leaves it's order in class meeting to the Juniors.

The foregoing instrument was, on the date thereof, signed, sealed, published and declared by the said Senior class as, and for, its last Will and Testament, in the presence of us, who in the presence of each other, have signed our names as witnesses thereto.—THE GIRTONIAN BOARD.

Juniors

Junior Class

RUTH MATZ President
LOUISE OTIS Vice-President
VIRGINIA SULLIVAN Secretary and Treasurer

MARGARET PETTEE
MARIE SAMMONS
CORA CLEMENTS
BEATRICE KING
JULIE FORREST
ISABEL CASE
AUGUSTA FENGER *W. H. H. H.*
DOROTHY BELL
RHODA HECHT
HARRIET CHAPIN
EMILY RUSSELL
ISABEL MARTIN
BEATRICE LACKNER
LEOTA COLLINS
AMY LARROWE



Sophomores

Sophomore Class

DORA WILLIAMSON President
MARGARET BURKETT Secretary and Treasurer
MARIAN WAKEFIELD Sergeant-at-Arms

FRANCES MUELLER
HELEN HOEFELD
KATHRYN GREENE
RUTH ARNOLD
RUTH KIMBALL
MARTHA SMITH
MILDRED SMITH



Freshman

Nemhserf

YREMOGTNOM NELLE	President
RAHCTLUK HTEBAZILE	Vice-President
ENIAVLICM ENIELEDAM	Treasurer
ZTAM YLIME	Secretary
SNIKPOH NAEJ	Sergeant-at-Arms

YAD EHCNALB
 REDYNS NELEH
 DROF AMME
 GNORTSMRA NEELLIE
 RRATS ECIRTAEB
 ERNOHT AINIGRIV
 SILLOH ARALC
 HGUOLLUC CM DERDLIM
 YBGIR LICEC
 SIWEL ADIAN
 NEIRB O'EIROJRAM
 SNEVETS SECNARF



*Seminary and
Specials*

Seminary Class

RUTH IRVINE
MARGARET TAYLOR
GRACE CONNERS

SPECIALS

MARGARET JENKINES
ADELINE GALASCH
FLORENCE REHTMEYER
ELSIE STEBBINS
RUTH JEFFRIS
JEAN JEFFRIS





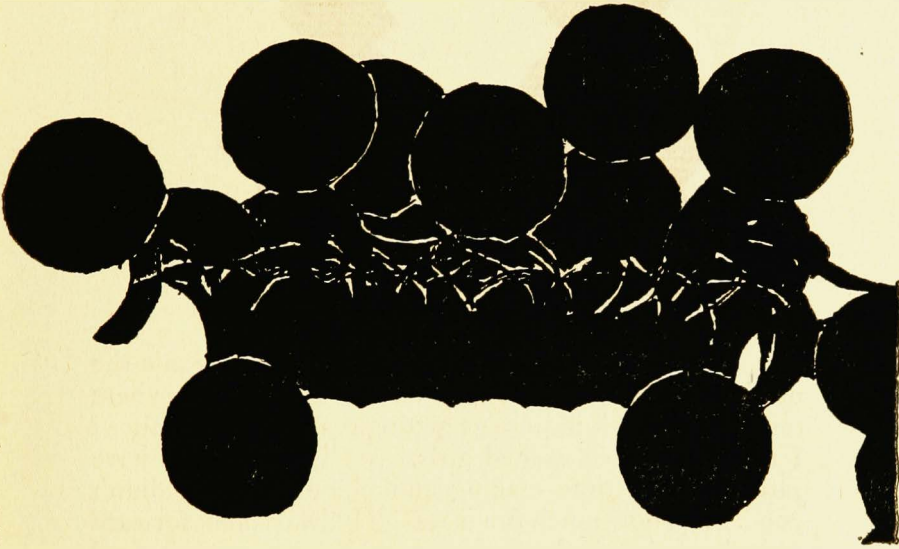
“EXTRA!”





Social Events

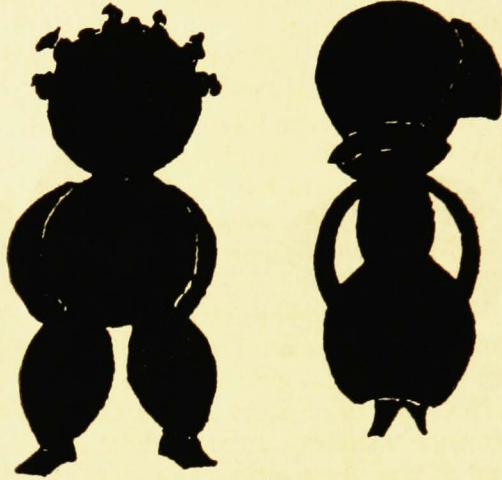
September 30—The evening of September thirtieth found the boarders assembled in the gym. A cold supper, picnic style, was served to the girls, sitting around the gym floor, and all vowed they never tasted better potato salad. Dancing followed and then a marshmallow roast. A big fire was built and marshmallow sticks were improvised and by the light of the fire happy roasting faces could be seen gathered around and only when the fire died down, did the girls allow themselves to be driven home.



October 14—A hayrack ride! It had been the cry all day and with evening it came. From out of veiled heads and bundled figures peered chattering faces, and at last the hayrack came. There was a scramble and with difficulty all succeeded in climbing on. And then they were off. Even the moon was smiling. When they got back coffee and doughnuts were waiting to be eaten and then Knollslea was left in quiet and darkness for the rest of the night.

October 28—"Hello! Yes, this is I—is that you? Why I

never would have known you if you had not told me who you were. You look so dear. Yes they all do I think. No, I don't, many of them. Aren't they masked splendidly? I should say so—awfully cute and pretty. Seems to me I have never before seen such attractive costumes. Aren't some of them funny tho? Yes indeed. I certainly am having a glorious time. They all



look as if they were enjoying every second. Isn't the music fine and the floor! Seems as if I could dance here forever. Wasn't it a circus getting ready for this dance? I never saw such excited girls. Well yes, we did have rather a hard time making and planning them, didn't you? But how much fun it was! I always look forward to it tho. Aren't the faculty dears to give us such good times? Let's see just what are here. French Maids, gypsies, Indians, Colonial ladies and gentlemen, and lots of little children and a "Miss Up-to-date." Just see the Spanish beauties, fairies, negroes and Dutch girls—My goodness, what a mixed crowd. This certainly is fun. Oh dear! Is it that late? I hate to go home but I suppose I must. Well come on, we'll go and tell the faculty what a grand time we have had, and then get our wraps. Goodnight dear, I'll see you in school Monday morning. My! but I'm tired!—but happy!"

S. B. '11.

November 12—On Saturday, November the twelfth, the Girton Basket-ball team accompanied by a great number of the girls, journeyed to the University High School on the south side of Chicago, to play a match game with the U. High girls. The game, which was called for ten-thirty, showed good straight-forward playing on both sides. Our girls put up an excellent game, but could not make much of an impression on the superior work of the fast U. High team.

After the game, the Southsiders entertained the team and coach at a luncheon, served at the girls' club. The luncheon itself was beyond description and the delightful hospitality of the girls completely offset the sting of defeat. The Girton team left for home, each girl feeling that she had had a most wonderful day.

December 3—Miss Jenkins entertained the Knollslea girls at a spread.

December 15—On the fifteenth of December, the doll show, which represented weeks of work, both on the part of the committee and the girls who dressed the dolls, was given. Never in the history of the Girton Doll Shows was there such a success, as more dolls and more money were sent to the Association House than ever before. From three o'clock until after five, the Guild rooms of the Congregational church were crowded with people admiring the dolls and buying candy. Toward the end of the afternoon, refreshments were served and posters were auctioned off. On the whole it was very successful.

December 16—On the evening of December sixteenth, the boarders had a cotillion. The parlors at Knollslea were transformed into a dance hall, and with attractive favors and Miss Jenkins leading, the evening passed only too quickly.

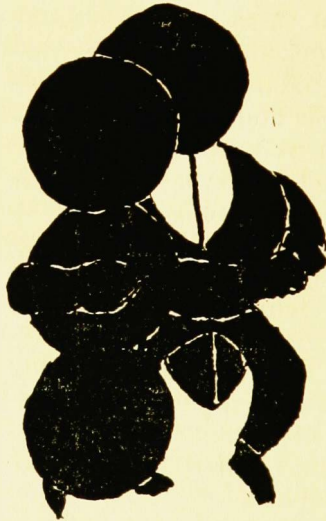
December 17—The dolls were distributed at the Association House and it was a true pleasure to see how many little people the sight of the dolls made happy. It was the day of their Christmas entertainment and their exercises were very enjoyable.

December 22—The Boarders, brimming over with smiles and effervescing chatter, sat down to a Christmas dinner.

The Senior table was alight with candles and the room was decorated with Christmas greens. During dinner bursts of laughter between the songs could be heard as the joke presents were opened. The evening ended with dancing.

February 4—Mrs. Tyrrell entertained the Senior class at a musicale at her home in Winnetka. The house was tastefully decorated in the class colors—lavender and gold—and Miss Pillsbury of Kenilworth furnished a most delightful programme. Much amusement was caused by the appearance of "Gyp," a toy fox terrier, arrayed in a large bow of lavender and gold.

February 7—At seven o'clock, a big sleigh was waiting at Knollslea, with the Girton bob behind, to carry its load of laughing girls to Wilmette and back. Such a jolly crowd of young people as they were. The moon was bright, and it seemed as if a better night could not have been chosen. After eating and drinking all the sundaes and hot chocolate that the Wilmette drug store afforded, they piled back into the sleigh and after a long merry drive reached Girton once more where they found coffee and doughnuts.



February 10—On the tenth of February at the Wilmette

Woman's club, the Juniors gave their dance. The dance hall was a scene of joy, with pretty gowns and smiling faces. At the end of the tenth dance each one received a valentine favor—the girls had attractive chantercler hats—and then supper was served. It was an evening spent with a great deal of pleasure and only too soon did the orchestra play its "Home Sweet Home."

February 15—Mrs. Abbey Snell Burnell, in native costume, gave an extremely interesting talk about the child widows in India. The talk was given as an Indian girl would tell her own story. She mentioned some of her little girl friends who had had even more wretched lives than she. Mrs. Burnell's vivid impersonation was followed by a display of her gay native costume, which was of much interest to the girls.

February 17 — All during the day I had been very lonesome. Not a soul had come near me except in the early part of the morning and then it was only to run fingers up and down my face, without making any harmonious music at all, but practicing what people call scales and exercises.

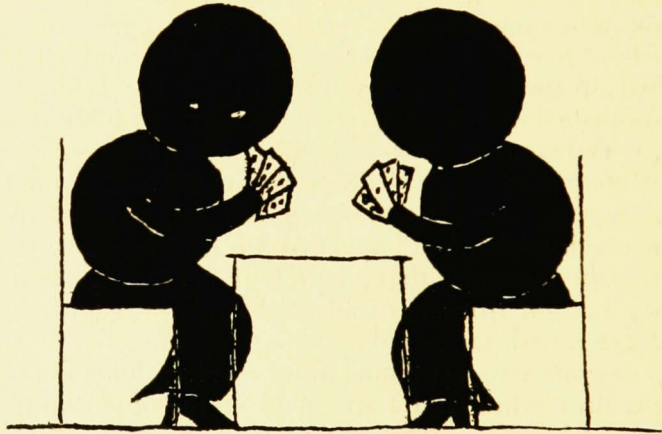
About five-thirty two of the maids came into the room, rolled up the carpet and put it in the hall. When they had finished they left the room and I heard nothing more for over twenty minutes. Finally, after much laughing and chattering in the hall, twenty-eight of the funniest looking creatures came prancing into the parlor! I could not imagine what had happened, for certainly they could not be the same girls that played with me the night before. They had on trousers of all colors—pink—white—light blue, etc., with jackets to match.

The gong rang for dinner and I was left alone, but only for a little while and I was glad of the opportunity to think and wonder what this meant and who all these strange creatures were. I remembered that one night during study hour, one of them had come down stairs and stood talking to itself in the reading room, and when a voice from upstairs called down and asked what it was doing, it answered that it was reciting its oral theme

for Monday. But my thoughts were interrupted by the laughter of girls who came bursting out of the dining room and stood around a large table in the library while some one distributed the mail. All was quiet while the girls read their letters, but when I heard someone say something about "Lovie Joe" I knew that I was to be played with and was very much delighted.

The girls danced for a while, and then a rather stout girl suggested the refreshments. An orange and a piece of stick candy was given to each and every one seemed to enjoy it immensely. M. O'B. '14.

March 1—On Wednesday, the first of March, the Seniors went to the home of Miss Richardson in Evanston for luncheon. Everyone enjoyed eating picnic fashion, seated on the floor, even if the dessert was doubtful for a while. After the plates were cleared away, they talked of graduation, class day, etc., until about five o'clock, and then the girls went home with heads full of visions of white gowns, diplomas, shower bouquets and the varied excitements of graduation day.



March 4—The Juniors gave a very attractive entertainment in the form of a five hundred party at the home of Ruth Matz, Hubbard Woods, in honor of the Senior class. Margarette Perkins was the lucky winner of a pretty little sewing basket, and Elizabeth Case received the

"booby prize"—a silver picture frame. About five o'clock, with Cora Clements and Dorothy Bell presiding at the tables, refreshments were served.

March 7—A reception given by Girton School for its patronesses and upper classmen was held at Knollslea on the afternoon of March seventh. An enjoyable musical programme was given in which Miss Harriet Stuart sang several delightful songs and Mrs. Brewer played selections on the violin. Tea and sandwiches were served.

March 28—The music pupils gave a musicale at Oak Hall.

April 1—At the Mission Tea Rooms, Chicago, a luncheon was given by the Senior class in honor of the Juniors. The table was artistically decorated with yellow tulips and lavender tulle—the colors of the two classes. After luncheon had been served a guessing game was played; Isabel Martin won the prize, which was a box containing an April fool rhyme.

May 3—The Seniors have another picnic.

May 17—Spring at last is here and we have our Arbor Day.

June 7—In the afternoon was Class Day and in the evening the Play crowned the events of the day.

June 8—Commencement.—Senior Dance.

Girton Alumnae Association

LAURA KITTRIDGE KENNEDY President
ELIZABETH STUART . . . Vice President and Treasurer
ELISE BARKER Secretary

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

MARY LOUISE MOORE
MARGARET TAYLOR
BERNICE CORLETT

Dramatics

Midsummer Night's Dream

CAST 1910

THESEUS, Duke of Athens	Orpha Quinn
EGEUS, Father to Hermia	Florine Odenheimer
LYSANDER, In love with Hermia	Frances Bogert
DEMETRIUS, In love with Hermia	Dorothy Bell
PHILOSTRATE, Master of the Revels to Theseus	Harriet Chapin
QUINCE, a carpenter	Florine Odenheimer
SNUG, a joiner	Olive Boothby
BOTTOM, a weaver	Marjorie Kimball
FLUTE, a bellows-mender	Mildred Morning
SNOUT, a tinker	Virginia Sullivan
STARVELING	Helen Hoefeld
HIPPOLYTA, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to	
Theseus	Frances Sullivan
HERMIA, Daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander	
.	Bernice Corlett
HELENA, in love with Demetrius	Elizabeth Case
OBERON, King of the Fairies	Margaret Knowles
TITANIA, Queen of the Fairies	Leslie Reed
PUCK, or Robin Goodfellow	Lillian Chapin
PEASEBLOSSOM }	Hortense Kittleman
COBWEB }	Catherine Dovey
MOTH } Fairies	Dorothy Storey
MUSTARDSEED	Hortense Kittleman
Other fairies attending their King and Queen, Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta	
SCENE—Athens and a wood near it.	



Dramatics at Girton

A STRETCH of lawn sloping to a natural woodland stage, the dim outline of trees black against the sky, the gray blur of the many figures on the dark slope contrasted with the many colors of those moving in the light upon the grassy stage. The droning sound of the summer insects, stars overhead—this is the scene of the Girton play.

Ever since the founding of the school ten years ago, some one of the plays of Shakespeare has been given each year by the Girton girls in this little amphitheatre on the school grounds. Hundreds crowd to see these plays and the girls spend an infinite amount of time and care to make them worthy of the interest shown in them.

A professional coach does the training which is begun sometime in February and which goes on up to the night of the play in June.

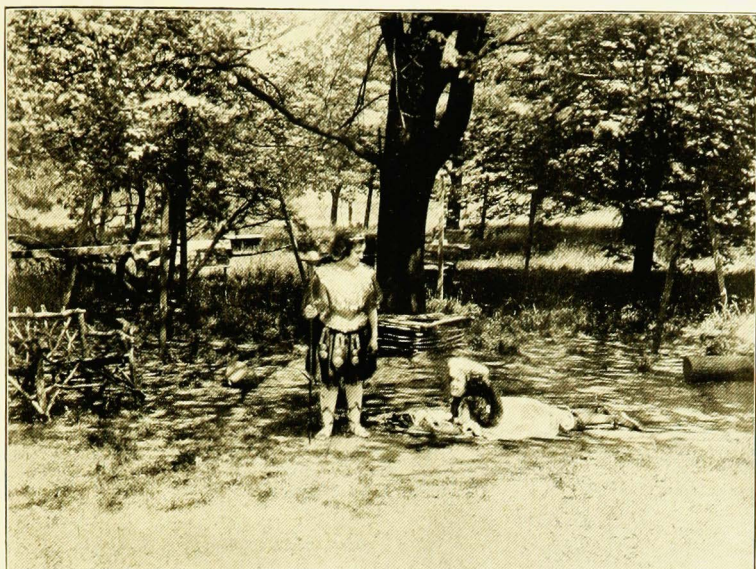
A girl who has spent four years at Girton and has taken part in the plays, has had the joy of an intimate acquaintance with four of Shakespeare's masterpieces, has learned to love and understand a host of his men and women, has touched elbows with his fools and his knaves, and has froliced with his elves and his fairies. She knows these plays as she could never come to know them in the class room because there she is studying about the characters; in the plays she *is* the various characters and with her whole heart she goes to work to be as true to Shakespeare's ideals as she may. What teacher of English however illuminating his work may be, could ever give to a girl the real sympathy with and interest in Beatrice which comes from playing the part? You may tell her that Beatrice is clever, witty and sarcastic, yet impulsive and womanly, but once let her spar for herself with Benedick and feel for herself the tender indignation over Hero's disgrace—once let her be Beatrice, then she knows what Beatrice is. Could the girl that climbed the tree in the guise of roguish Puck, and played his merry pranks ever forget the mad little fellow?

This work in the plays is entered into by the girls in a

spirit of the greatest enthusiasm and is looked upon as play, but the faculty consider the training in literary appreciation gained by this work, to be beyond estimation.

The play given last year was "Midsummer Night's Dream" and even Titania and her liege lord could not have chosen a lovelier spot for their revels than the Girton grounds afforded. The play was perfectly adapted to an out-of-door stage and was delightfully interpreted by the girls. I think Puck's impish laugh must still echo there among the trees. Yes—Puck's and many others. How full of memories and echoes the spot must be! What lovely scenes the old trees might tell us of—if they only could.

A. E. J.



Much Ado About Nothing

CAST 1911

DON PEDRO, Prince of Aragon	Rhea Kimball
DON JOHN, Brother to Don Pedro	Orpha Quinn
CLAUDIO, a young Lord of Florence	Dorothy Bell
BENEDICK, a young Lord of Padua	Isabel Case
LEONATO, Governor of Messina	Marjorie Kimball
ANTONIO, Brother to Leonato	Helen Hicks
BALTHAZAR, Servant to Don Pedro	Clara Hollis
BORACHIO } Followers of Don John {	Margaret Pettee
CONRADE } {	Antoinette Jennings
DOGBERRY	Naida Lewis
WATCHMAN and Officers in Messina {	Emma Ford
	Virginia Sullivan
	Helen Hoefeld
	Margaret Ball
FRIAR FRANCIS	Florence Rehtmeyer
A SEXTON	Constance Tyrrell
HERO, Daughter to Leonato	Lillian Chapin
BEATRICE, Niece to Leonato	Elizabeth Case
MARGARET } Gentlewomen attendants	Elsa Popper
URSULA } on Hero	Marjorie O'Brien

Lower School

Marjorie Bartholomew	Julie Melcher
Harriet Buckingham	Mary Morse
Julie Cahn	Lois Nelson
Cordelia Carpenter	Nancy Porter
Elizabeth Carpenter	Evelyn Rigby
Margaret Clinch	Betty Scott
Dorothy Day	Mervyn Shenton
Caryl Dunham	Mignonne Snyder
Marion Farnsworth	Martha Snyder
Olivia Fentress	Katherine Spigel
Frances Van Hofsten	Kathryn Stevens
Mary Von Hofsten	Katherine Strotz
Eleanor Holden	Elizabeth Thorne
Katherine Jacobs	Louise Thorne
Elizabeth Kales	Beatrix Thorne
Dorothy Klotz	Harriet Nichols
Elizabeth Klotz	Marion Walker
Sybil Kozminski	Caroline De Windt
Mary Elizabeth Leonard	Alice De Windt
Ina Lewis	Louise Wood
Henrietta Magie	Frances Wood
Dorothy Magie	Sarah Louise Hopkins
Ishbel MacLeish	Margaret Pirie
Charlotte Melcher	

PRIMARY SCHOOL

Francis Cooke, Jr.	Grace Merrill
Woolson Foster	Charles Merrill
Le Mar Fearing	George Stevenson
Edith Farnsworth	Fletcher Seymour
Elizabeth Jackson	Robert Williams
Ann Kales	

Building
on
West Side
of Forest

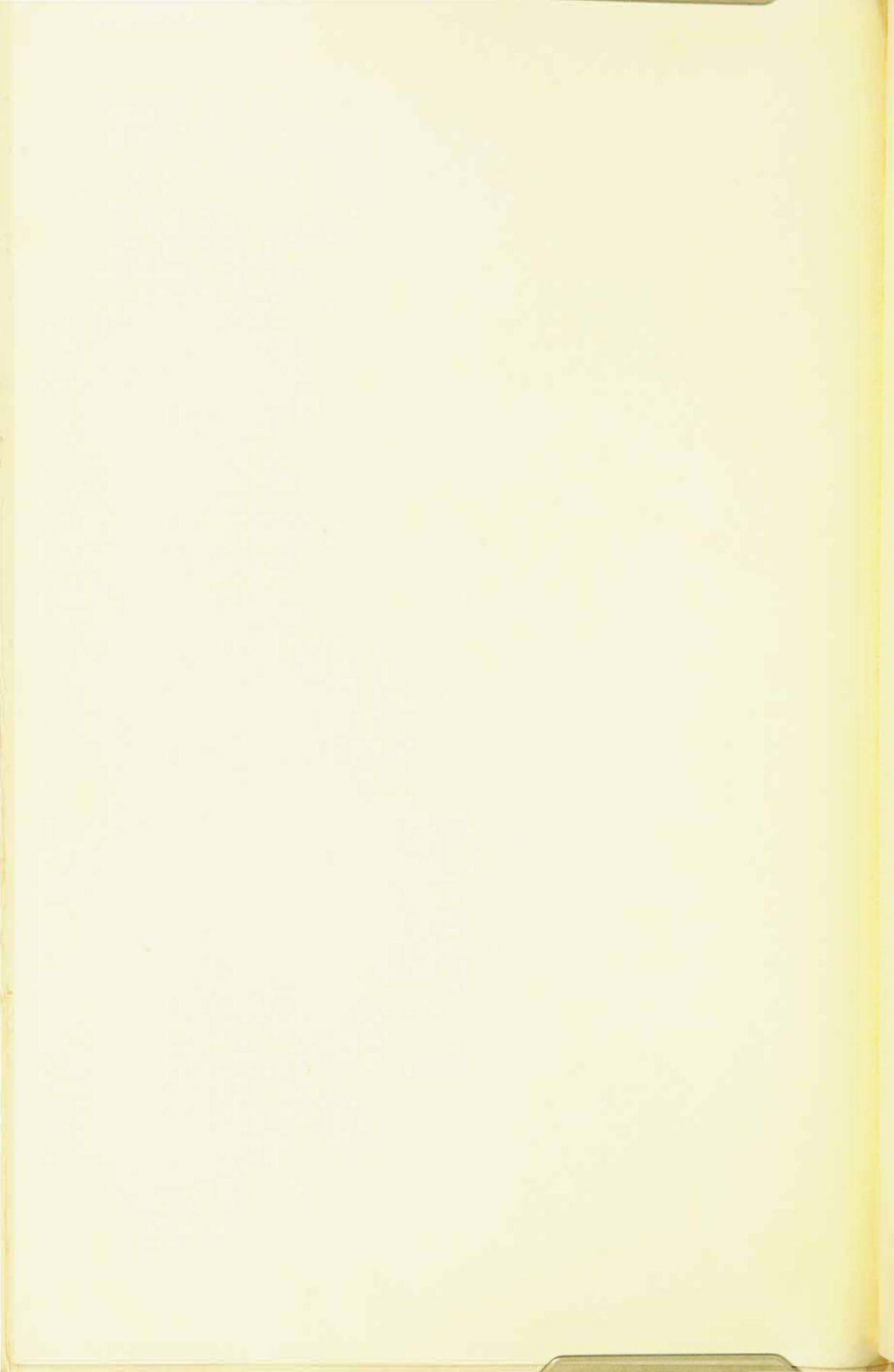
Frances
Lusk
Chapman

Paul
Marie Hubbard

Isabel
McLosh
Louise
Lusk



Mathew
Jacobs (1904)



Athletics

Basketball Team of 1911

KATHARINE MORSE, Captain (Senior)	Left Guard
JULIE FOREST (Junior)	Right Guard
HORTENSE KITTLEMAN (Senior)	Right Forward
MARGARET TAYLOR (Seminary)	Left Forward
ELIZABETH CASE (Senior)	Center
GRACE CONNERS (Seminary)	Side Center



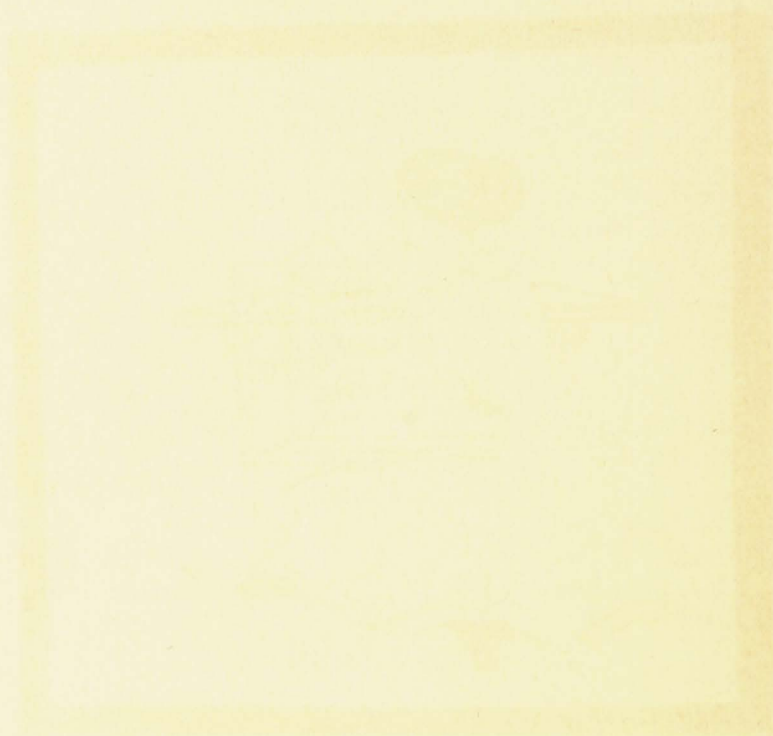
Tennis Tournament

SINGLES

FIRST ROUND	SEMI-FINALS	
Elizabeth Case } Evelyn Isom } Julie Forest } Mildred Smith }	Elizabeth Case } Julie Forest } Margaret Snyder }	Julie Forest Margaret Snyder
Margaret Snyder } Emily Russell }		
Martha Smith } Frances Mueller }	Martha Smith	Martha Smith
FINAL Won by Martha Smith.		

DOUBLES

FIRST ROUND	SEMI-FINAL	FINALS
Mildred Smith } Martha Smith } and }	Martha Smith Mildred Smith	
Elizabeth Case } Marjory O'Brien } Margaret Burkett }		Mildred Smith Martha Smith
Ruth Arnold } and }	Ruth Matz Augusta Fenger	
Ruth Matz } Augusta Fenger }		
Madeleine McIlvaine } Emily Russell }		
and }	Evelyn Isom Cora Clements	
Evelyn Isom } Cora Clements }		Evelyn Isom Cora Clements
Louise Otis } Constance Tyrell }	(by) Louise Otis Constance Tyrell	
FINALS Won by Mildred and Martha Smith.		





Who Are They

S HE opened the door and when she saw me said, "Why I thought you were going to the village with the girls. How's come you didn't go?"

"I am going in a few minutes," I replied.

"Well, I'll go with you when you go. Now where is that calendar? I had it here just a little while ago and I counted up and there were only thirty-three more days before we go home, I am sure. Oh there it is! Now let me see. Oh dear! There are forty days instead of thirty-three. Well, Mary was right. I must have counted up wrong.

"My dear, I am just worried to death. I haven't had a special from my father since yesterday morning and I didn't get a letter from him last night so I expect a special along any minute now, or at least a letter in this noon's mail. Sit down by the window there and watch for Harry with the mail bag, will you? Do you suppose I'll get a telephone call tonight? If my father doesn't call me up, I shall call him up.

"Are you getting ready to go now? Well how's come you're wearing that coat? Wait till I fix my hair. I'll be back in a minute." And she rushed for her room. The door was locked and I heard her call excitedly, "I want in this minute," and then as the door opened she called back to me, "Now wait on me, I'll be along directly," and then the door slammed.

M. S. '12.

Miss Jenkins comes down the steps and stops to ask my companion to do something for her. The instant, cheery response comes: "Yes, indeed, Miss Jenkins." A moment later when I remark that spring has really come at last, she replies absent-mindedly: "Ja."

"Do come for a walk this afternoon," I plead.

"I can't possibly, I'm awfully sorry but I have my music lesson and tomorrow there's play rehearsal and the next day there's Girtonian meeting. Friday I'm going to help trim the hall for the dance and then stay with mother over

night. By the way, I must get to work to get in that pledge money, and then there is the calendar for the GIRTONIAN that HAS to be finished. I'll have to run now or I'll be late for gym. Goodbye! I'm awfully sorry I can't go, but I am rather busy just now," and as she hurries away up the walk she calls over her shoulder, "I wonder that you'll still be talking, Signior Benedick, nobody marks you."

I. C. '12.

Ten minutes after the bell has rung she bursts into the room laughing. Falling all over herself and everyone else, she tears down the isle and drops into her seat with a thud. The lid of the desk is jerked up, a wild scramble follows for books and pencil, the desk-lid bangs and she is gone.

At recess she is here, there, and everywhere, keeping up a continual flow of conversation. One moment she is waving her hands madly and yelling at someone across the room; the next having a confidential chat in the corner. Breaking off, she dashes toward an inviting lunch, helps herself to a sandwich and enters the subject under discussion with breath-taking suddenness.

Recess over she lingers yet a few minutes talking, then in the same impulsive manner she leaves the room and takes the stairs two at a time. A door bangs, a laugh floats upward, and all is quiet.

B. K. '12.

Bang, went the front door—thump, thump—thumpity thump, up the stairs she came, burst into the room, banged the door behind her and sank into a chair.

"My dear!" she gasped, all out of breath, "I've been to the village and look my dear! the Saturday Evening Post with our continued story in it," tapping the cover of the magazine several times in an excited manner. "Now my dear! just look at this picture! Isn't it screaming? I'm crazy to read it. The pictures are perfectly wonderful. Look at this one now, my dear. Now my dear! Isn't she beautiful, and isn't he—well now I hope he's good looking! We've got to read it before dinner, that's all there is to it!"

Off came her coat and hat—zip went my school books

from the table onto the floor. Having thus prepared me for listening to the story, she comfortably seated herself in a rocker, magazine in hand, when thump, thump, someone tapped at the door.

"Come in," she called in her good natured way.

"Hello, anything doing around here? I am nearly starved and haven't had anything good to eat for perfect ages," said a voice, as the door was opened.

"No there's nothing doing in here," drawled out my roommate, not looking up from the magazine.

"Well! as long as you're so crazy about having me stay" was the sarcastic reply, "I guess I'll leave." Bang went the door, and again we were ready to start the story. She began to cut the pages, by running her fingers between them, tearing the corners off from each page, and I fairly held my breath, wondering if there would be any magazine left at all. At last she came to the wonderful story and began: "We left our brave hero in the midst of the deadly—" Thumpity thump again at the door. The magazine this time was thrown on the floor and she answered in an impatient tone, "Come in."

"Well, why so peevish?" exclaimed a voice, as the door flew open.

"I'm not peevish."

"Oh no! it doesn't look that way. I'm looking for excitement. This is too tame for me." With this she slammed the door and was off down the hall.

"Thank goodness," my roommate sighed. "I wish the rest of the bunch would stay away for a ——" Bing! the door flew open and this time several heads peered around the door.

"Where are the eats," they sang out in a chorus. "We heard you had some and we're nearly starved."

"Well! We haven't any," was the impatient reply.

"Oh please give us some, you know we're so hungry," they teased.

"We haven't a thing," she yelled, stamping her foot. The door slammed after our intruders and the story was continued. This time we were left in peace until the wonderful story was almost finished. We were both sitting on

the edge of our chairs breathlessly waiting for the page to be turned when some one tapped gently on the door. My roommate without hesitation yelled in a most excited voice: "Stay out!"

"Girls," said a stern voice, as the door opened. Up we both jumped and before anyone else had a chance to say a word my roommate stammered, "Why Miss Smith—come in—won't you? and sit down. We didn't—why Miss Smith—well we didn't think it was—yes—come in." Miss Smith, in her quiet way simply said:

"Girls, I just came to tell you that it is time to go to dinner, and another thing girls; always think before you say such a thing as I heard just now;" with this she left the room.

We sat with our mouths open staring into each others dazed faces. "Well now my dear," finally broke the silence. "I hope that will hold us for a while."

"Oh well, it's all over now and if we want to get to dinner on time we'll have to hurry," she continued. She threw the magazine on the floor and the story was left to be continued during the study hour. I grabbed my coat and ran down the front stairs, and she in a hurry snatched a sweater, slammed our door after her, thumped down the stairs, banged the front door and came pell-mell after me down the walk.

H. C. '12.

6:45 a. m. I awake in a dazed manner hearing bells ringing faintly in the distance. The ringing grows louder and louder as it approaches our door and suddenly I hear several short knocks in quick succession on the door. I sit up with a start and in a sleepy voice answer "Yes," and vaguely wondering why on earth they are ringing bells in the middle of the night, I sink back on my pillow. As I turn over I wonder if my roommate has by some unusual chance heard the bell. I gently murmur her name several times. No response. Again I repeat her name with the same result. Then I think she must be going to stay in bed this morning so I get out of bed and begin fairly to throw my clothes on. I make a hurried trip to the bathroom, tooth-brush and towels in hand. As I tear madly back from there, I glance at the

clock and see that I have about six minutes in which to finish my toilet.

7:15. Brush in hand I turn from the dresser as I hear my name wafted faintly from the pile of quilts and covers on my roommate's bed. Then I hear a muffled voice asking "How long ago did the bell ring?"

"How long ago!" I repeat. Then with righteous sarcasm and slight exaggeration I answer, "Oh! I guess we have about two minutes more or less."

The covers are wildly thrown from the bed and the owner of the voice begins much the same struggle that I am just finishing. I start from the room belt in hand, only to return when my roommate cries in a pitiful voice, "Oh please fasten my waist and wait just a second for me. We have lots of time. Lucky thing for me that I washed well last night and didn't take my hair down, isn't it?"

"Well I should say so," I quickly answer as I vainly endeavor to fasten one button the third time as she waves her hands here and there and I begin to wonder if she isn't really trying to hinder me as much as possible.

Again come those visions of Saturday morning in study hall.

After searching for some time for her coat we find it in a very unusual place, hanging on a coat hanger in the closet—then we start out on a run.

7:29. Steps at Knollslea. I start to take off my coat. "Hurry! Hurry! there's the bell!" I cry.

At the windows appear hands of various sizes madly waving for us to hurry. My roommate says, "Oh don't run, we have plenty of time, and now you go first and let me go in right behind you so Miss Jenkins won't see my bedroom slippers."

7:30. I fall into my chair with a sigh of relief and think "Safely through another day."

I. M. '12.

"On the 8:37 train, girls—Friday—No school. How's that?"

How did I do it? Oh—he—he—mothers are pretty good things!

Telephone for me?—That you mother?—You're sick?

—Not to come in till the 2:40? Oh pshaw!—All right.—
Goodbye.—

Rats! girls! Mother says I'm not to come in till the 2:40. Well I'll just go anyway——.

May I come in, Miss Jenkins? Well—you see mother doesn't need me quite so early so I'll stay for one recitation and go in on the 10:50. You see I practically miss nothing. I have only five recitations and I can easily make up —— Mother said I was to come in on the 2:40? Oh well—you see—well—. She said—yes she DID say—of course she did say I could come on that train; but I've studied all my lessons so there's really no use in staying for classes— so it will be all right and it's—well it's—so much better to—well but— Well you see of course it really is— but—

Girls!—I'm perfectly furious!!———!!!”

A. E. J.

There's a round, jolly-faced little lady with an abundance of red hair pulled tightly back from her forehead and wound in two thick braids around her head. Her cheeks and nose are sprinkled with the accompanying freckles and her eyes are brimming over with mischief. She has a careless air and when dressed in a shirtwaist and skirt with a stiff, white collar, there is such an impish and “don't care” manner about her, that I feel almost compelled to push her over for the pleasure of watching her bob up again like a McGinty.

D. L. B. '12.

SNATCHES FROM A GIRTONIAN MEETING

Nothing is funny any more. Do you remember the first meeting? We laughed till our sides ached. Everyone was simply killing, and look at us now! We've read things over until they are as flat as a pancake. I don't see what there was that was funny, do you? My dear, this will be an utter failure.

Read the new knocks—— Why! I think that might be funny, there's a point to it I think. Put it in—give it the benefit of the doubt my dear——Where's the point to that? Leave it out—well if you think there is—I don't! Alright—have your own way about it! Next!—I remember that.

Why my dear, I simply shrieked. She was perfectly killing when she said it—but where, oh where has the little point gone! Never mind, put it in. Somebody may appreciate it. No more?—Well, see if you can think of anything with—humor, you know.

Oh! I remember something! Somebody said something once. Where? I don't remember. What? Ich weiss nicht. It was horribly funny when she said it though. About something funny you know.

Now that new idea we had last time. Nothing doing? My dear I've racked my brains, but I've found nothing, just nothing at all!—You have an idea? My dear! Really? Listen girls, she has an idea!—AND it's funny! Great! Put it down at once—Now read it my dear—. Where is the point gone to? Oh dear! We'll never get anything done. Somebody think of something, I can't. Everybody think hard for five minutes and see if you can't pounce on something original—original, original.—Originality is not in me! Nothing from you? From you? You?

We'll we've worked hard enough anyway. Read what we've done. My dear! Only a few measly knocks? Oh dear—Whatever shall we do? Get something to eat? Bright idea! A bright idea at last! Hurrah! Come on! The meeting's adjourned!

E. R. '12

NOT GUILTY

Bess took her geometry and ran upstairs to the study hall. She went to her desk at the back of the hall near the door of one of the recitation rooms and began to do her geometry. There were several girls in the front of the room, but except for them Bess was the only one there. It was a relief to find a quiet place where she would not be disturbed by a talkative roommate and Bess worked diligently for about half an hour. Suddenly she heard footsteps on the stairs and raised her head as two girls, both of them seniors, walked across the hall and into the recitation room.

Bess turned back to her Geometry, but suddenly her attention was attracted by a voice from the recitation room, the door of which had been left open a crack.

"Oh dear! I think it's horrid of them not to let us go

to morrow night—it's so stupid to have to stay here all the time!"

"I tell you what we'll do," said another voice, and Bess gave a gasp of astonishment, for she recognized it as that of the Senior president. "Let's climb down the fire escape and go anyway; we can get to Olivia's in plenty of time and then come back before anyone is up."

"That would be great!" cried the other voice. "It will be terribly exciting; I'll let John know so they can meet us at the station as we had planned— What's that door open for?" she said suddenly—" You don't suppose anyone has heard us?"

The door was closed and Bess tried to finish her geometry, but she couldn't keep her mind off what she had just heard. It was a great shock to truth-loving Bess; that there were girls in the school who would sneak off at night—she would have considered it bad enough in any girl— but the president of the Senior class—that was dreadful.

The door of the recitation room opened and the two girls went thru the study hall and down stairs. Bess gathered up her papers and followed soon after. She went up to her room and told her roommate what she had just heard.

"What shall I do, Ann?" she asked imploringly. "What if they were caught?" Ann thought a moment, then looking up mischievously said "I've a fine idea, but you'll have to promise not to ask me about it until tomorrow night."

Bess agreed to this and went to bed in peace, for she had great confidence in Ann's ideas.

The next afternoon Ann and Bess took their seats in the parlor of Knollslea Hall to watch a play which the seniors were giving. The curtains were pulled aside revealing a room hung with college banners, and sitting on a couch were two seniors.

"Oh dear, I think it's horrid of them not to let us go tomorrow night!" began one, and Bess heard the entire conversation of the day before repeated.

A few hours later, when Bess and Ann were getting ready for bed, Bess said in a voice choked with laughter, "Well Ann, I'm sorry your scheme miscarried, but I'm glad that the girls were not guilty."

In the Garden

Down in the garden underneath the trees,
Where tall white lilies beckon in the breeze,
Where violets and the sweet anemones
Shed fragrance rich and rare,
Beds of narcissi breathe into the air.

And hid among the beds there lies a space,
And in the midst a pool, whose limpid face
Reflects a marble fountain's sculptured grace;
And through its depths the white clouds pass
Like visions mirrored in a glass.

'Twas there I loved to lie and breathe the scent
Sweeter than perfumes from the Orient,
To hear the thrush pour forth his deep content;
And there it seemed to me
No sorrow and no pain could ever be.

I. B. C.

Knocks



"No author ever spared a brother."

MARIE SAMMONS: "Oh I know a girl who is studying physiology and yesterday they bisected a cat!"

MR. SNYDER (in Latin I.): "Veni, vidi, vici?" why, you know that is the telegram Caesar sent back."

RUTH ARNOLD (in Eng. II.): "Frankness is openness, bluntness is saying things right out, and rudeness is saying what you think."

MERVYN SHENTON TO RUTH ARNOLD:

"Say Ruth, do you have ice down where you live?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"Do you ever skate?"

"No."

"My, it's a regular heathen country, isn't it?"

MISS JENKINS (in English): "Miss Martin can you tell me what happened at the end of Bacon's life?"

MISS MARTIN: "Why—he died!"

CORA CLEMENTS, when asked in History of Western Europe class what was the first of the seven sacraments answered triumphantly, "to wit." As Miss Richardson showed some surprise, Cora added: "Well the book says, the seven sacraments are, to wit, marriage, baptism, etc., etc."

GRACE CONNERS: "I am going down to get Mr. Snyder to help me with my Livy cause I'm stuck on him!"

A boarder to a day pupil: "Do you know Mr. ———? I met him at a dance the other night. Isn't he a peach?"

"Yes, I see him every Sunday at church with his wife and child."

And the boarder was silent.

RUTH ARNOLD, when asked by the doctor if she ached, answered, "No I just hurt all oveh!"

INA LEWIS to Miss Day: "Will you hear me bind Argentina?"

MR. COOKE AND THE "BLACK PRINCESS"

With profound apologies to Wordsworth and Mr. Cooke

I wandered lonely as a dog
That roams afar, his master gone,
When all at once I saw a hog—
A black hog—on the Girton lawn
Beside the walk, beneath the tree,
As stolid as live pork can be.

Continuous as the raindrops fall
And twinkling runs the little brook,
Blow after blow—I saw them all
Bestowed with stick by Mr. Cooke.
The stick was thin—the pig was not;
He could not make her leave the spot.

Still Mr. Cooke, set on his way,
Belabored piggy, 'neath the tree;
A poet could not but be gay
In such a mirthful company!
I gazed and gazed, but little thought
What lasting joy for me it brought.

For still when lessons go awry,
And Mr. Cooke is grave and stern,
It flashes on my inward eye,
How piggy had to take her turn.
And then my heart with laughter fills—
We're all like piggy—all have wills.

I. B. C. '12.

HOW WOULD THEY SEEM?

THE BOARD—Without an inspiration?

MISS JENKINS—Without her note-books?

MR. SNYDER—Lazy?

MISS DAY—Without her frat pin?

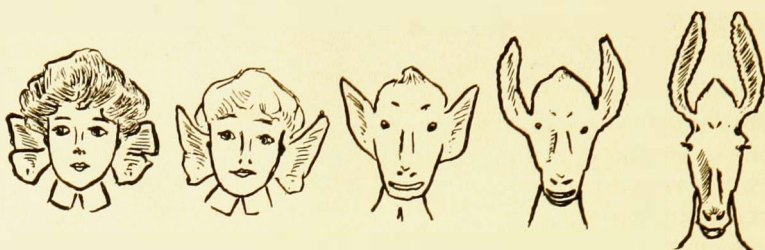
MR. COOKE—Without a new scheme?

MISS RICHARDSON—Without a time-piece?

MISS HENSON—Without the music schedule?
 LOUISE OTIS—With no buttons missing?
 AUGUSTA FENGER—Untidy?
 CORA CLEMENTS—With nothing to say?
 RHEA KIMBALL—Without her hair-dressing?
 EILLEN ARMSTRONG } —Separated?
 RUTH ARNOLD }
 ELIZABETH CASE—At a loss for words?
 KATHRYN GREENE—With her hair “up?”
 HELEN HOEFELD—With no pressing engagement?
 KATHARINE MORSE—Without “But my dear, LAST year’s
 GIRTONIAN Board——?”
 RUTH JEFFRIS—Without her “Arrow collars?”

(With apologies to Kipling)

“Why do you all look so surprised?”
 Asked the Girton Girls’ brigade,
 “Our dormitory is really done”
 The exulting boarders said.
 “Why—was it promised long ago?”
 Asked the Girton Girls’ brigade,
 “Oh only since the school began,”
 The sarcastic boarders said.
 “For long ago ’twas promised we should
 Have a building new,
 For while it was unfinished
 There was nothing we could do;”
 For Mr. Cooke would promise it,
 And promise it some more,
 But now we’re very happy
 So will put it in the fore.
 Because we’re going into Leicester in the morning!”



THE WAY WE FEEL DURING EXAMS!

MARJORIE O. B.: Oh heavens, I forgot to send that catalogue to Geraldine.

E. P.: Farrar?

M. O. B.: No—for here.

HELEN HOFELD: "A man should tip his hat to a lady who speaks to him, no matter what condition he is in."

ELIZABETH CASE was talking about the little kids Germanizing and arithmeticing.

MR. SNYDER: "Miss Case, would you say Algebraying?"

MERVYN SHENTON was heard talking about her ink "irratator."

MISS HENSON (at 10:30): "Girls, are you talking?"

——: "Yes, Miss Henson, we'll be through in a few minutes."

MISS JENKINS (in English 4b): "Tennyson would have died in his bed with his happy family around him."

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend
For the Bridge which thou hast taught;
Thus at the tables of my friends
My fortune shall be wrought;
Thus shall my days and hours be spent,
No times for books or thought.

MISS DAY: "Marian where is Scandinavia?"

MARIAN W.: "In Nova Scotia."

MISS RICHARDSON, in Cicero class: "You know Cicero said 'I did not eicio him'!"

MILDRED McCULLOUGH, who had just changed from Miss Richardson's section in First Year Latin to Mr. Sny-

der's, said triumphantly to Miss Richardson: "I am doing much better in Latin for some reason."

MISS JENKINS brings from the Evanston library and triumphantly presents 'Meyer's History of Rome' to two History of Western Europe students eagerly waiting to do a special topic from Henderson's History of Germany. On the application of three or more, Mr. Cooke may offer a special course in the upper school in correct reading of the English language. Miss Jenkins please apply.

Mary knew a little Hist.
She also knew some Lat.
She knew a lot of other things
Which she had down very pat.
She took it all to school one day,
She taught it by the rule;
It very nearly killed herself
And surely killed the school.

There was a Miss Jenkins who lived in a shoe
Who had so many children she didn't know what to do;
She turned off the switch without any heed;
She then went to bed and they had the feed.

Old King Cooke was a merry old crook,
And a merry old crook was he.
He called for his book, and he called for his marks,
And he called for his Faculty.

There is a man in our school
And he is wondrous wise;
His name is Mr. Snyder
And he's very fond of pies.
And when he finds his pie is ate—
The kind he does adore—
He tells the girls they need not wait,
He'll have a little more.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your chemistry go,
With acids strong and experiments long,
And formulas all in a row?

Miss Mitchell, Miss Mitchell, had she stayed in Oak Hall,
 Would have saved herself trouble and a mighty bad fall;
 The teachers and doctors and girls tried in vain
 To put our Miss Mitchell together again.

Hi diddle diddle, the pot and the kittle,
 Miss Kennedy's back to command;
 Mr. Cooke stands by to see things fly
 While every old thing gets canned.

Little Miss Day teaches us to 'parlez'
 In a language quite foreign and new;
 We don't like the lingo
 But we do her, by jingo,
 And we wish that all she knows, we knew.

Sing a song of Miss Jencks,
 A teacher full of fun;
 Four and twenty classes
 They gave her to run.
 And then when we all knew her
 We all began to cheer
 For her and for her Merriam
 Who may be Mayor some year.

The college preps went up the hill
 To fill their brains with knowledge;
 They fell down when exams came 'round,
 And but few of them got to college.

GIRTON GLEE CLUB

PROGRAMME

Bass	Northwestern Trains
Tenor	Pigs
Baritone	West Hall Door
Soprano	Upper School Bell
Mezzo Soprano	Lower School
Contralto	Leicester Barnyard
"The Call of Morn"	Pigs accompanied by Cows
"The Call of Even"	Leicester Barnyard
"Now Let Your Voices Peal and Shout"	Lower School
"Forever and Forever"	West Hall Door

"I Love It" Upper School Bell
 "Sing Me to Sleep" Chicago Northwestern Trains

Before numbers, between numbers, during numbers,
 after numbers, solos, duets, quartets, unison chorus, with
 accompaniment on all available pianos and clavieres

BROWN'S "ECHOES"

February the Thirteenth, Nineteen Hundred and Eleven

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

BY GIRTIE GIRTONIAN

MISS CLEMENTINE:

Your story is pathetic. Yes, boarding-school teachers are the hardest people in the world to deceive; they are naturally suspicious. I should advise your writing to the theatre manager in Chicago for a synopsis of each new play, and remember "if at first you don't succeed—etc."

ELSA POPPER:

If you ask seven or twelve young men to tea on a Sunday evening, suggest that they bring lobster salad and sandwiches so that they may not be compelled to go home hungry.

MARJORIE O'BRIEN:

When you ask the most convenient way to hear the conversations of all three tables, observe the eleventh commandment, 'Thou shalt not gawk nor stretch thy neck' but use the latest invention in ear trumpets, which comprises long rubber tubes which can be placed at frequent intervals around the room and held at a convenient angle to the right ear.

RUTH JEFFRIS:

In answer to your letter presenting your predicament I state that hereafter it would be better for you to take special pains to get the right letter in the right envelope. What an agony your mother must have gone through reading the letter to "Dickie," and how he must have felt, wading thru a letter to "Winnie" and a still greater bore it must have been for Winnie reading "mother's." I hope that I have succeeded in melting your heart with sympathy for these poor victims and that henceforth you take my advice.

ELSA POPPER:

In answering your question, how to keep hobble skirts in shape, besides using the hobble garter, I suggest that you take more than two steps in getting out of the dining room when you get a phone call even tho you do suspect who is at the other end of the line.

MADAM COOKE:

I suggest that before you give anyone a present of any kind, you ponder the matter over in your mind until you have fully decided whether you want to part with the article or not, lest many profuse expressions of gratitude be wasted on the part of the recipient and especially when the gift is such a desirable one as a potted plant.

POOR SPELLERS:

After due consideration of this important request of yours for a reliable source of information as to correct spelling, I refer you to Antoinette Jennings, or Webster's Twentieth Century Dictionary.

MISS MITCHELL:

If you feel it necessary for their spiritual good, to take the young ladies to church on a rainy Sunday, a natty looking little gummed boot may be purchased at Meyer's for a nominal price and by getting them wholesale you may be able to get a great reduction and thus supply the whole school with something better than doctor bills. This also may so arrange things that the young ladies' feet will be dry enough to allow them to stay at church after they once get there. To avoid all this trouble, however, I suggest that you consult the weather bureau before venturing out.

CRUSH PLEDGES:

Before taking the final vow of the "Crush Club" let me warn you to consult your pocket book to see if you have a brand new check and to see that you have good credit at the florists, confectioners and IN THE SILK HOSIERY department.

LEICESTER GIRLS:

I grant that it is a woman's privilege to change her mind and I see that a new patent has been applied for recently

which I think will answer your purpose and prove a great time saving device when moving from one room to another. An instrument has been invented by which you may remove penants, pictures and various belongings at one fell swoop. It is run by electricity and care must be taken not to shock the other inhabitant of the room. It is called "The Quick get-em-down-and-get-em-up-again."

She breakfasts on potatoes
And then it is the rule
To make her bed, powder her nose,
And trot over to school.

At eleven o'clock she's lunching
On crackers very dry,
And wishes she were munching
A piece of lemon pie.

Candy during school she munches,
And through the afternoon
From time to time she lunches
On a dainty macaroon.

Along about three-thirty
She needs some solid fare
And goes with Clem or Tony
To purchase an eclaire.

At night with loosened tresses
It is her dearest wish
To cook up awful messes
Upon her chafing dish.

And when she's done with brewing
And all the house is dumb,
She goes to bed still chewing
Her little wad of gum.
With Apologies—L. C. '12.

GIRTON PLAYROOM

- "Puss in Corner"—Margaret Ball.
 "Solitaire"—Elsa Popper.
 "Hide and Seek"—Anyone who wants Mr. Cooke.
 "Pack My Trunk"—Boarders.
 "Ghosts"—Alumnae.
 "Button, button, who has the button"—Louise Otis.
 "Trumps"—Faculty.
 "Twenty-one"—Seniors.
 "Crack the Whip"—Mr. Cooke.
 "Consequence"—Reports.
 "Post Office"—Marjorie O'Brien, Ruth Irvine, Margaret
 Jenkins
 "Mansion of Happiness"—Leicester Hall.
 "Follow the Leader"—Freshman.
 "Up Against It"—Blanche Day.
 "Hearts"—Orpha Quinn.
 "Truth"—Cora Clements.
 "Give Away"—Virginia Sullivan.
 "I Doubt You"—Ruth Matz.
 "It"—Miss Richardson.
 "Authors"—Rhea Kimball, Louise Otis, Constance Tyrrell,
 Isabel Case.
 "Checkers"—Harriet Chapin.
 "Babies in the hole"—Last year GIRTONIAN Board.
 "Great Oaks from Little Acorns Grow"—Emma Ford.
 "A girl convinced against her will is of the same opinion
 still"—Louise Otis.
 "She thinks too little and she talks too much"—Katharine
 Morse.
 "Beware the fury of a patient woman"—Miss Richardson.
 "A weak invention of the enemy"—Exams.
 "A woman who deliberates is lost"—Cora Clements.
 "All that glitters is not a diploma"—Seniors.
 "Better late than on time"—Frances Stevens.
 "Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a girl big-boned,
 immune to scarlet fever, and exempt from exams"—
 Marjorie Kimball.
 "All hope abandon ye who enter in"—Miss Richardson's
 room.

- "Conspicuous by his absence"—Mr. Cooke.
 "Nine days' wonder"—Beatrice King.
 "Out of the frying pan into the fire"—Graduation.
 "I am monarch of all I survey,
 My right, there is none to dispute"—Senior Class.
 "These are times that try men's souls"—Exam week.
 "Rush on, keep moving"—Miss Jenkins.
 "Disciplined in action"—GIRTONIAN Board.
 "With just enough learning to misquote"—Helen Hoefeld.
 "There is no place like home"—Margaret Ball.
 "This bank-note world"—Marjorie Kimball, Virginia Sullivan, Mildred Smith.
 "'Tis the voice of the sluggard; I heard him complain
 You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again."—
 Orpha Quinn.
 "He is a fool to think by force or skill
 To turn the current of a woman's will."—Mr. Cooke.
 "The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease"—(to) Marjorie O'Brien.
 "A chapter of accidents"—Freshmen.
 "She sighed and looked unutterable things"—Katherine McMullen.
 "Forced from their homes in melancholy train."—Boarders.
 "Pride goeth before a fall."—Juniors.

Oh you tiny wee gray beastie,
 Yea, what a panic's in my breastie
 Seeing you run forth so hasty
 From underneath my bed.
 I am loath to run and chase thee,
 Hurling something at thy head.

But here I sit curled up too tightly
 Wishing, yea, and wishing mightily
 You would sneak away real sprightly
 Out of here.

And stop this parading nightly
 Filling me with awful fear.

You see my basket free from eats,
 Yet every night I hear your feet
 Run back and forth so very fleet

Across the floor
 And then I know you're on the beat,
 You tiny, wee thing, I adore.
 With apologies—Robert Burns. L. F. C.

SOME OF THE TERRORS AT GIRTON

(Freshmen please take notice)

'Twas brillig and the slithy toves
 Did gyre and gimble in the wabe
 All mimsy were the borogoves
 And the momeraths outgrabe.

Beware the teachers all my dear,
 The lessons long—the C's and D's,
 Beware the Faculty, and fear
 Your conduct will not please.

You take your Latin book and run,
 Long time you tremble ere you go
 To see the fierce Miss Richardson
 Who how you've studied seems to know.

One two! One, two! And thro' and thro'
 Miss Day looks you with piercing eye
 At you, poor thing, who've failed to bring—
 The French you've written with a sigh.

And as in uffish thot you stand
 Miss Churchill comes with eyes of flame
 To ask (and now you are completely canned)
 Why to come to gym you did not deign.

"And hast thou late to breakfast come?
 Go to the study hall my girl!
 There stay and stay for half the day,
 And do not move a curl."

'Twas brillig and the slithy toves
 Did gyre and gimble in the wabe
 All mimsy were the borogoves
 And the momeraths outgrabe.

—With apologies to Lewis Carroll. E. V. C.

"One long ladies coat, cleaned and pressed," is the bill Miss Mitchell received at the end of the month.

RUTH MATZ: "I can't get this window down!"

EMILY RUSSELL: "Pound it with Cicero, that's hard enough."

MISS JENKINS (in English 4b): "Sixty souls were lost! what figure of speech is that?"

ANTOINETTE JENNINGS: "It depends on how you mean it."

From a Senior Test Paper:

"Sir Thomas Lucy was a friend of Shakespeare's." And

"Borgia and Luther were two of the best known Religious reformers." Poor Luther!!

DOROTHY LENHAM (in French 3 translating): "Tous deux dans les bras de l'un de l'autre.—Two eyes in the arms of each other."

MR. SNYDER (in German I.): "You needn't learn 'Gehirn' (brain) I don't think you use that much."

RHEA KIMBALL (Monday): "I dreamed of snakes last night."

SALLY BRYANT: "Where were you yesterday?"

RHEA: "At church."

SALLY: "Was it Communion Sunday?"

'I wonder why it's always "Racine"
On the daily letters seen
And why Miss Day looks so serene
In reading the letter in no ways lean.'

ELSA POPPER: "Oh those will turn into butterflies soon won't they?" as she fingered some milkweed pods half open.

MR. COOKE receives a rebuke from the Irish assistant in the kitchen, who had long wished an appliance for her window: "Ah, Misther Cooke, if I waited for you, I'd be waitin' 'till etarnity and thin some."

ISABEL MARTIN, on being asked in English "How Shelley died," answered "Why he went out in a boat and his friend buried him in the cemetery."

MISS RICHARDSON TO MARIAN WAKEFIELD: "Are you eschewing meat during Lent?"

"I don't know whether I'm eschewing it or not—I know I'm chewing it."

RUTH JEFFRIS (in English): "Keats was born in a livery stable with no chance."

	Emma Ford
Rush	MarjoRie O'Brien
appetitE	EllEn Montgomery
Crackers	Beatrice Starr
eatEn	Clara Hollis
Still	Ellleen Armstrong
Starving	BlanchE Day
	Naida LewiS

HORTENSE KITTLEMAN: "I've thought of getting married often."

MR. COOKE (in faculty meeting): "She wouldn't have to know much to know more!"

SALLY BRYANT (translating Virgil): "Oh thrice and four times beaten (beati)."

MARGARET TAYLOR (in French Class): "Amand (entrant avec sac de nuit):" Amand entering with sack of nuts.

LOUISE OTIS (translating same passage): "Amand entering with a sack of night—oh yes—night gown!"

MERVYN SHENTON: "Miss Day, does veal come from a pig?"

Dearest Mother: Only a line on this awful postal too let you no I am stil allive and hapy. I am simply in a tearing hurry so have no time to right, except to tell you that we are obliged to take SPELING. It don't add grately to my work as I never study for it, as I think it is a very foolish thing fore them to have in a college prep coarse.

Loads of love,

In hast—

When Mr. Cooke had finished demonstrating a theorem on isosceles triangles Louise Otis said: "Try it on a little isosceles triangle and see if it comes out alright!"

"Did you know Girt had come?"

"No, Girt who?"

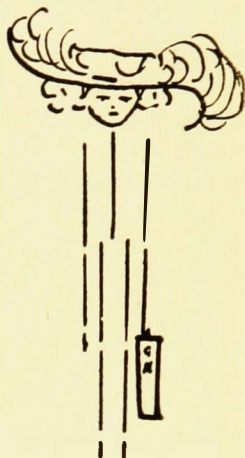
"GIRTONIAN!"

Oh to be a mouse in the corner some day
When a faculty meeting is in full sway;
I might go out feeling less gay
When I heard about me what they had to say!"

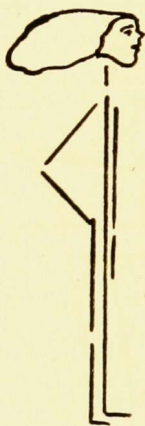
Margaret A. Burkett—Mirthful and Busy.
Leota A. Collins—Lacking All Cares.
Grace E. Conners—Genuine Endless Cleverness.
Rhoda Heckh—Rotten Health.
Ruth B. Jeffries—Regular Bubbling Jollity.
Jean C. Jeffris—Just Eternal Joy.
Elizabeth Kultcher—Effervescing Knowledge.
Beatrice N. Lackner—Beware Noisy Laughter.
Emily F. Matz—Ever Fine Marks.
Mildred McCullough—Magenta Makeup.
Madeleine McIlvaine—Many little Monkey-shines.
Margaret M. Pettee—Merely Mighty Popular.
Margaret A. Taylor—Much Audacious Talking.
Virginia Thorne—Village Terror.
Marian E. Wakefield—Many Everlasting Woes.
Dora Williamson—Don't Waddle.
Florence Rehtmeyer—Forever Ready.

MISS GIRTIE NEWCOME'S FIRST YEAR AT
GIRTON

Sept. 28.—She arrives. Age 18, weight 99 lbs.

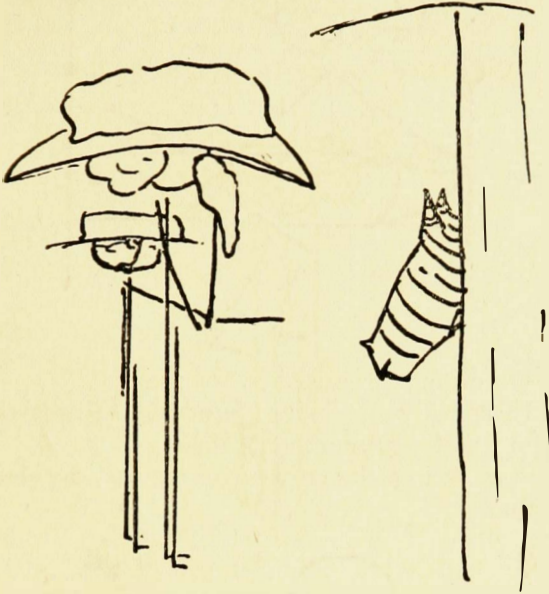


Sept. 29.—She registers and finds herself a Girton Senior.



Sept. 30.—She becomes acquainted with the gym., and toasts
marshmallows a la Girton. She feels she is gaining.

Oct. 1.—With the rest of the homesick ones she goes to Lincoln Park. Sure she has lost all she has gained.



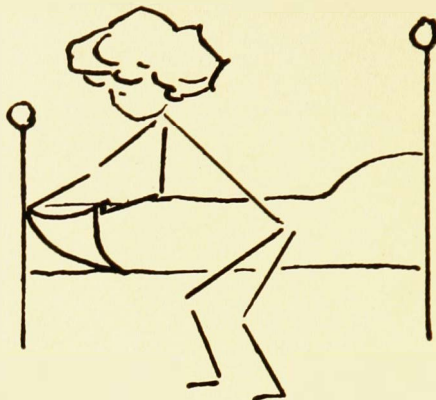
Oct. 3.—Lessons begin. Still homesick. Still losing.



Oct. 4.—Not used to Girton clocks, so late for breakfast school, and dinner.

Oct. 5.—Joys of boarding school begin. Feasts, flashlights.

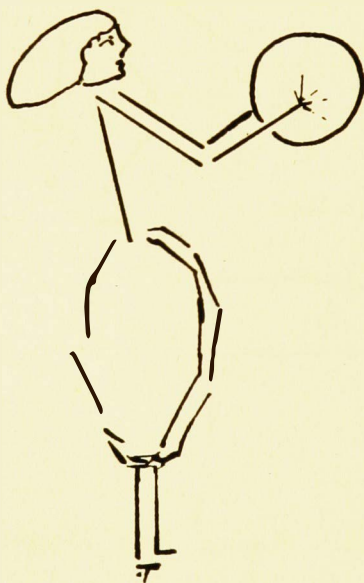
Oct. 7.—Lessons in practical bed-making.



Oct. 8.—Dormitory promised in two weeks.

Oct. 9.—In spite of its being Sunday, she feasts, and is cheerful—and—gaining, $99\frac{3}{4}$ lbs.

Oct. 10.—On seeing the tennis courts, she decides to play basketball.

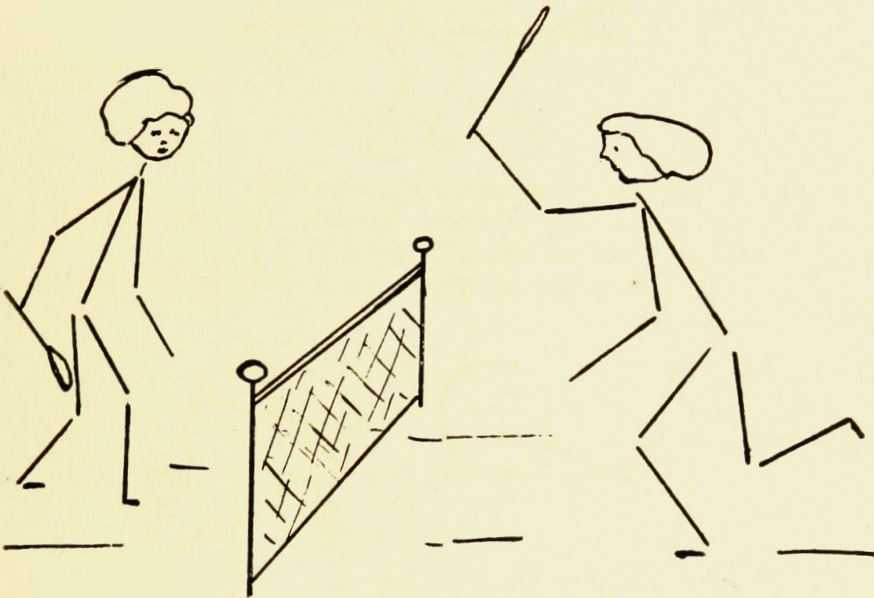


Oct. 12.—Midnight feasts.

Oct. 14.—Girls—wagon—hay—moon—doughnuts coffee.—

Oct. 16.—School in earnest. Jimmy Wright comes to call.

Oct. 17.—Tennis tournament begins to knock people out.



Oct. 18.—Strenuous basketball. Feeling fine. Weight, 101½ lbs.

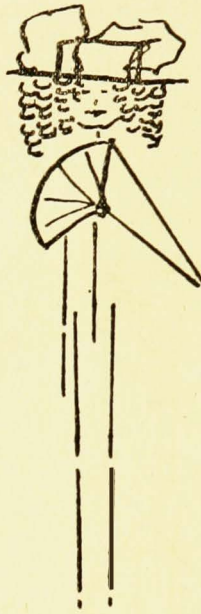
Oct. 19.—Opening of Leicester set for the 23rd.

Oct. 21.—She meets the "Fly Family."

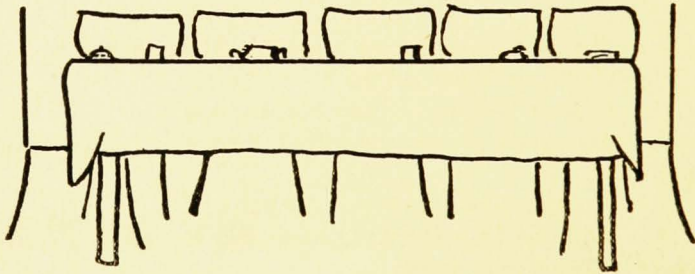
Oct. 23.—Opening of Dormitory postponed a week.

Oct. 27.—Basketball expectations squelched. Didn't make the team. Long lived dramatic club organized.

Oct. 28.—Great Hallowe'en dance. Mr. Snyder develops carrot curls.



Oct. 29.—The morning after.



Oct. 30.—The "Mystery of Girton" or "Who pied the Beds."

Nov. 5.—Aids to health. Mr. Cooke introduces the Fresh Air Principle.

Nov. 7.—“The Eternal Question:” When will Leicester be ready?

Nov. 9.—“Doctor Devine” is received with enthusiasm by the Dramatic Club.

Nov. 11.—Six nervous girls in Girton anyway and two subs.

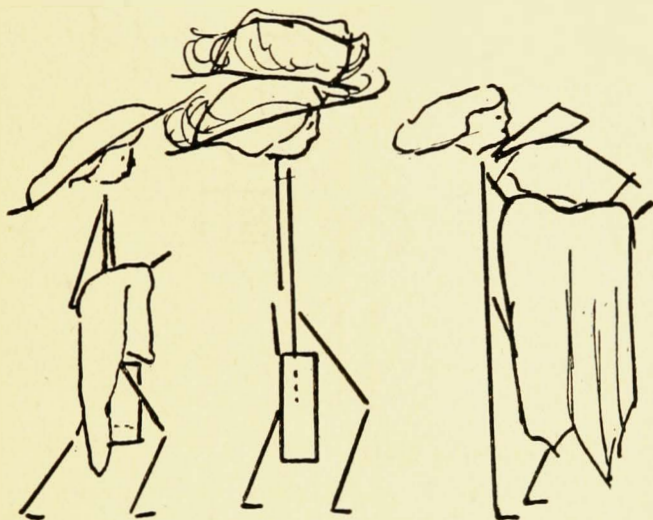
Nov. 12.—She goes to U. High with the team, 32-4, “nuf sed”

Nov. 15.—Bevey of waxen blondes and brunettes arrive.

She agrees to take charge of one.

Nov. 16.—“Doctor Devine” again. Still enthusiastic.

Nov. 17.—Impossible comes true! Girls move to Leicester.



Nov. 18.—She is frozen out of class by Miss Day.

Nov. 19.—Clock at West stops.

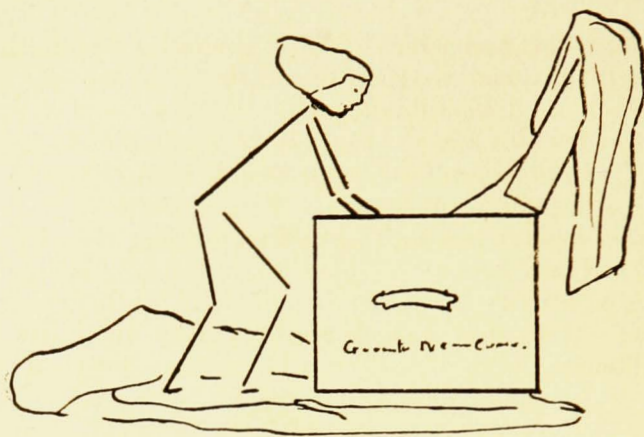
Nov. 20.—Doctor Devine. Less enthusiasm.

Nov. 21.—The only words heard at Girton: “Day after tomorrow.”

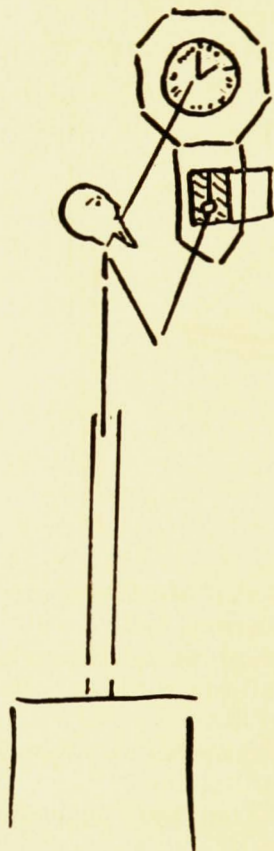
Nov. 22.—No one observes the 9:30 bell.

Nov. 23.—Blanche Day removed to the background. Good-bye till the twenty-eighth.

Nov. 24.—Thanksgiving. Her weight increases alarmingly; 106 pounds.



Nov. 22



Dec. 2

Nov. 28.—Vacation over. She is greeted by enthusiastic Marj. (Special to Knollsea Girls: "I love my feast but oh you Senior Privileges!")

Dec. 2.—Joy in Girton! Mr. Cooke winds the clock.

Dec. 3.—Enthusiasm for Doctor Devine failing.

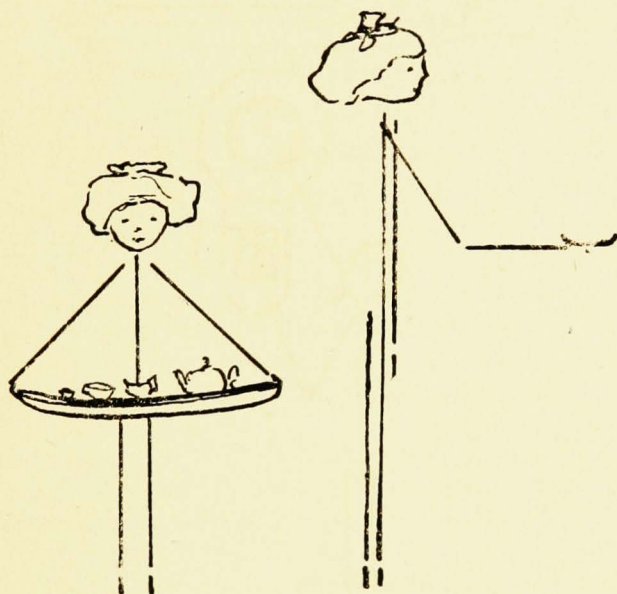
Dec. 5.—She gets—good news? Reports!!!!!!—!

Dec. 6.—Juniors vote for GIRTONIAN member.

Dec. 7.—Ditto.

Dec. 8.—Ditto.

Dec. 11.—Two new French maids arrive, Antoinette and Lillienne.



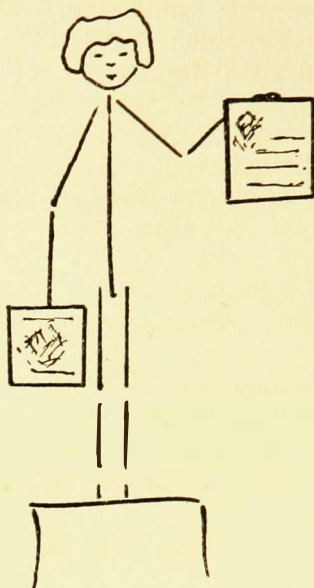
Dec. 14.—She wonders if Mr. Cooke can be deaf—but no—he heard that telephone bell.

Dec. 15.—She sells high priced posters at the doll show.

Dec. 16.—Her first Girton cotillion. Dancing agrees with her. Weight 110 lbs.

Dec. 17.—Doctor Devine dead. Requiem for Dramatic Club.

Dec. 18.—Jim and Tony back at work again. Too bad Walter caught on.



Dec. 15

Dec. 19.—She receives some anti-fat pills for a joke present.

Dec. 22.—Goodbye! Goodbye! Merry Xmas! Goodbye!
Happy New Year—Goodbye!"

Jan. 10.—She is greeted by Hatch in her new coiffure (a Xmas present).

Jan. 12.—So near Friday the 13th, that it is a rainy day for the GIRTONIAN Board.

Jan 13.—She misses feeble voices raised in unison at 8:50 o'clock.

Jan. 17.—Clock at West stops.

Jan. 18.—Good skating on the pond.

Jan. 23.—Gymnastic dancing varies the monotony of her French class.

Jan. 25.—Debate at Recess, "Resolved that Winnetka Club House is more appropriate than Kenilworth Hall. Decision in favor of the negative.

Jan. 26.—Fate decides! We always did like Wilmette best anyway!

Jan. 27.—She introduces white swans into Girton.

Any Date.—Typical GIRTONIAN meeting—Hss! Scramble!

No! Yes!—Rush! Sh! Sh! Burr—. (Soft voice): Oh
 Oh girls, be reasonable. Ouch!—crash! ! ! !—! ? ? ?
 Quiet—chuckle—chuckles—chuckling!!—

Jan. 31.—Girls not very hungry for supper! Why? Ask
 Wilmette.

Feb. 1.—Last days of grace.

Feb. 2.—Exams.!!! Frances Mueller advised as to the
 proper costume for the event.

Feb. 3.—Exams.! ? !!!

Feb. 6.—“Exams!!!!!!!

Feb. 7.—After exams, recreation—raid on Wilmette drug
 stores.

Feb. 10.—Wilmette comes up to our expectations, we didn't.
 miss Kenilworth so much after all.

Feb. 14.—She receives valentines from her heavy suitors.

Feb. 15.—Elizabeth Case develops alarming tendencies to-
 ward India Relief.

Feb. 16.—She agrees with the rest that pajamas are the
 only costume.

Feb. 20.—Numerous Beatrices and Benedicks appear si-
 multaneously with Miss Hoar.

Feb. 22.—We patriotically have vacation.

Feb. 23.—Miss Richardson is late.

Feb. 25.—Mr. Cooke winds the clock at West.

Feb. 27.—Girls are forbidden to walk the track on pain of
 death.

March 1.—Small school, both in importance and number—
 Seniors away.

March 5.—Strange lady has a fall as she tries to see the
 callers.

March 6.—Clock stops.

March 8.—Waste basket goes to Geometry with Elizabeth
 Case.

March 9.—Great excitement! We go joy-riding in the
 morning—and Pleasant Prairie explodes.

March 14.—Spring fever! Girton goes driving.

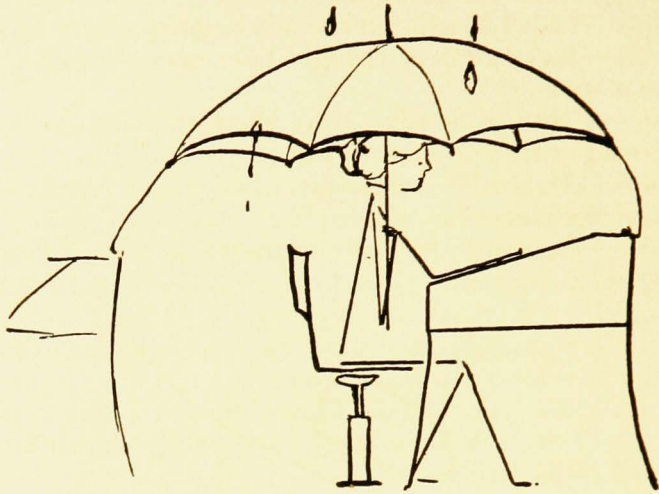
March 17.—Three cheers for the Emerald Isle.

March 21.—Nothing doing, only didn't like to neglect spring.

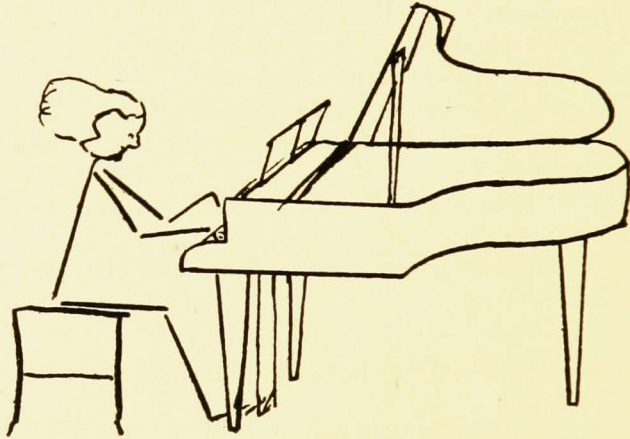
March 22.—Members of College School entertain.

March 23.—Current events firmly established.

March 27.—For leaking roofs—apply to Louise Otis.



March 28.—Only people interested in music invited to the musicale. She stays away.



March 29.—Oh you Crushers! The Crush Club pledges six new members.

March 30.—Miss Churchill startles her about gym dancing exhibition. She loses a pound.

April 1.—April Fool! Not for the Juniors and Seniors though. Crushers run up florist bills.

April 2.—Was the sermon at the Congregational church good? Ask the girls with wet feet.

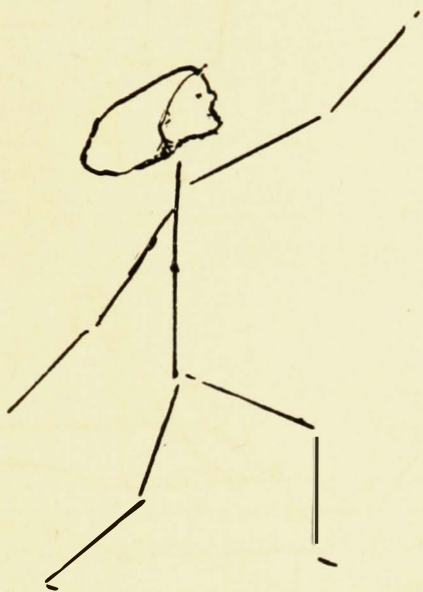
April 3.—Isabel Martin decides not to go home via Lincoln.

April 4.—Isabel Martin changes her mind — decides to go that way.

April 5.—Miss Kennedy covers her with confusion by exposing her extravagant tastes.

April 6.—Marian Wakefield gives her second current event. Isabel changes her mind.

April 7.—She trips the light fantastic at the Kenilworth gym.



April 8.—Isabel makes up her mind and buys her ticket to Lincoln.

April 11.—Day after tomorrow!

April 12.—Tomorrow!

April 13.—Today!!!!!!

April 25.—The grind again.

April 26.—Quite used to lessons by now.

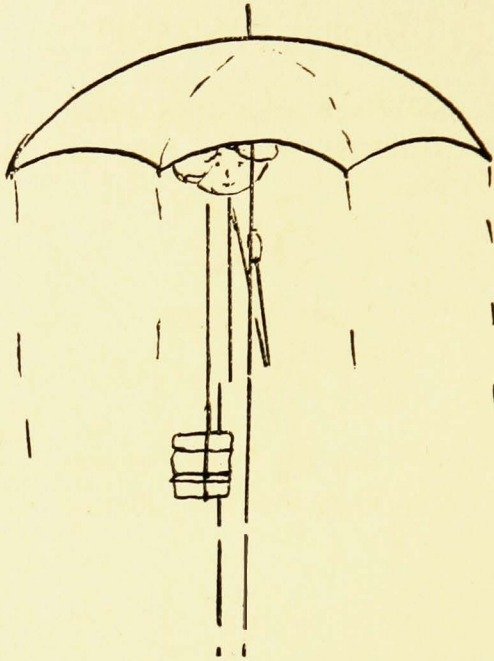
April 27.—She is all unpacked.

April 28.—Mumps.

April 30.—Another month gone.

May 3.—She goes to another of those jolly senior picnics.

May 6.—Rain! Rain! Rain!



May 17.—Arbor Day! Grand success.

May 18.—Those seniors are still having picnics.

May 20.—Much ado about something. "Margaret" forgets her line.

May 31.—Cram cram, cram!!!!

May 29.—She turns baseball fan.

June 1.—Only blot on happiness—exams.

June 2.—Ditto.

June 5.—Ditto.

June 6.—Costumes arrive. Tears and downcast faces.

June 7.—Class Day— — — Play.

June 8.—Graduation — Reception — Dance — Tears and Flowers.

June 9.—Home.

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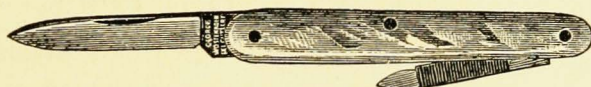
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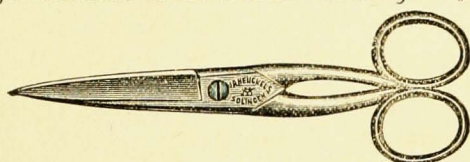
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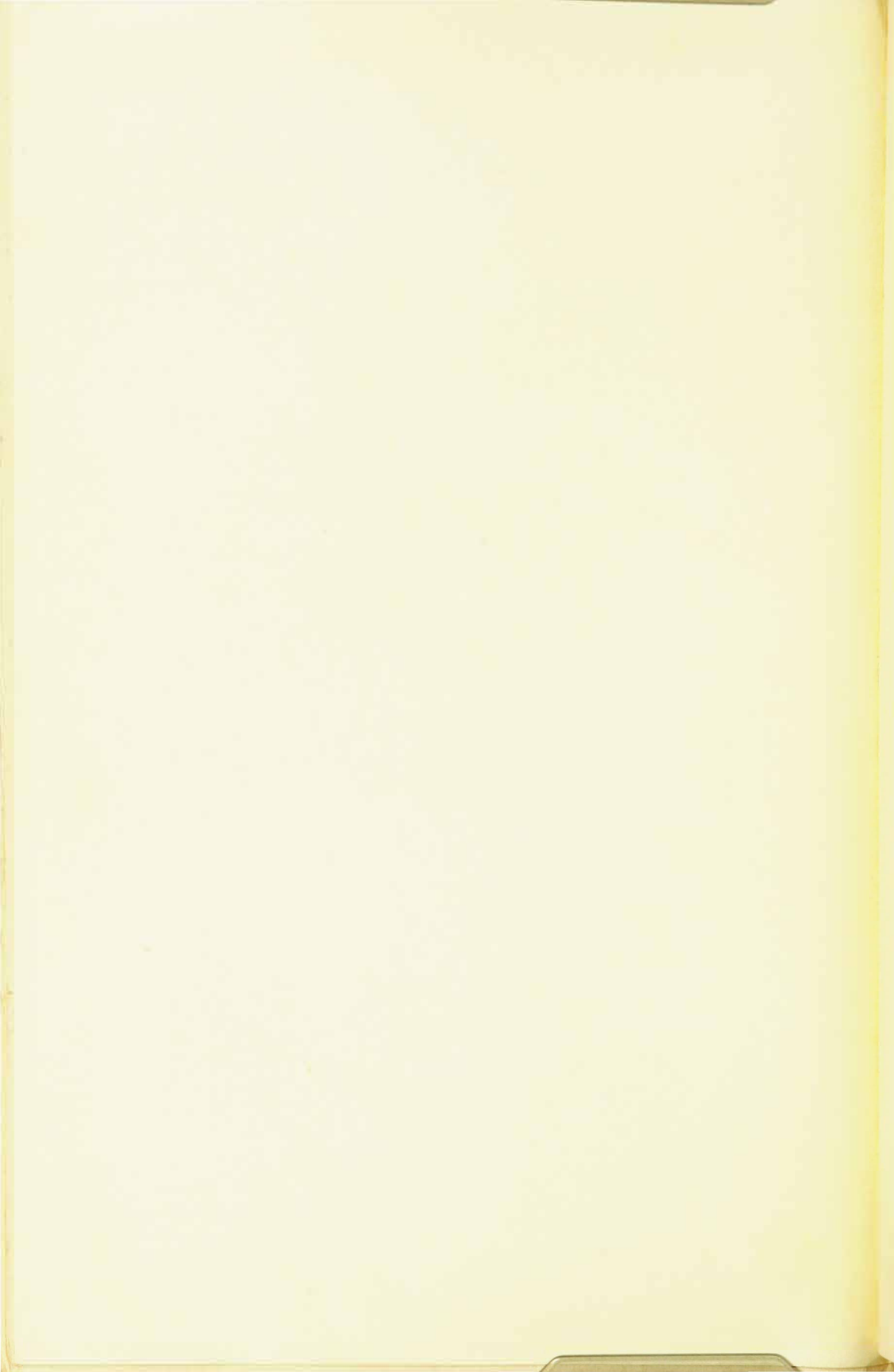
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